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SEPTEMBER 9, 1969

IS WELFARE OUT OF CONTROL? — SEE PAGE 903

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE GREAT FOUNDATION DEBATE

- Who is guilty?
- What are the foundations up to?
- Is Wright Patman only a demagogue?
- Do they control public policies?
- How do they set up a foundation?
- Should Congress crack down?
- Were the foundations under the influence of liquor?

JEFFREY HART

...t only Mailer has problems with bull---t

F. REID BUCKLEY

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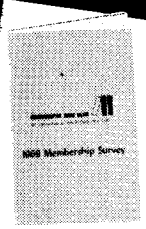

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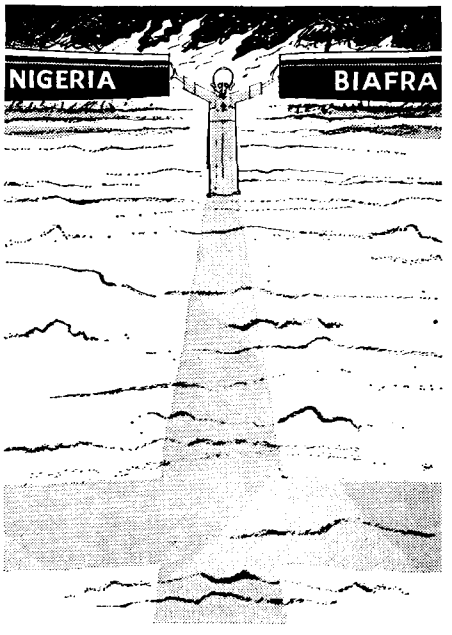
FOR THE RECORD

■ What the real pros think about **Chappaquiddick**: *Christian Science Monitor* poll of one hundred Democratic national committeemen and state chairmen on Mr. X for '72 reports that forty favor **Muskie** as Presidential candidate; sixteen are for **Humphrey**, five for **Kennedy**, two for Sen. **Fred Harris** and—surprise—none for Sen. **George McGovern**. Before Chappaquiddick, they had been almost unanimous in their support for EMK. . . . First faltering among the Kennedyites: **Ted Sorensen** says he doesn't think Teddy should run in 1972 because he didn't show up well "under pressure at this stage in his life." . . . A question Catholics are starting to raise: Why didn't any of the Catholics on the scene get a priest for **Mary Jo**, which is the first thing Catholics think of at a death?

■ Fallout from Vatican II? *Catholic Press Directory* reports that Catholic **magazines** and **newspapers** in the U.S. and Canada lost two million subscribers in the past year—a decline of 7 per cent. . . . According to *National Catholic Reporter*, 2,700 Catholic **priests** resigned that same year. . . . A survey by RC bishops shows that the vast majority of Roman Catholics in America do not want any easing of the attendance rules on the five Holy Days of Obligation now on the calendar—i.e., they feel liberalization has gone far enough. . . . In Washington, D.C. a week ago Mrs. **Philip Hart**, wife of the senator from Michigan, helped distribute Holy Communion at an underground Mass forbidden by the Cardinal. Among the hymns: "Georgy Girl," "The Impossible Dream" and, as Recessional, what else but "When the Saints Go Marching In."

■ Names in the News: President **Nixon** has appointed hard anti-Communist Prof. **Robert Strausz-Hupé** (of U. of Penn.) Ambassador to Morocco. . . . Unlikeliest rumor of the week: *Washington Post* predicts that **Shirley Temple Black** will be named U.S. Ambassador to UNESCO. Story says **Clare Boothe Luce** has decided to turn down the post. . . . Former Greek Premier **Andreas Papandreou**, now in exile in Sweden, will teach at a Canadian university this fall, according to French press reports. Papandreou says the United States played "the principal role in bringing the Greek colonels to power" (which will come as a surprise to both Athens and Washington). . . . The Russians have formally fired de-



Cookson, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth

fecting author **Anatoly Kuznetsov** from the editorial board of the magazine *Yunost*. . . . Soviet spy **Donald Maclean** has written his autobiography and a British publisher is dickering for it, according to the *Guardian Weekly* (the **Kim Philby** book having proven that British capitalists can still make money off their traitors). . . . And friends of **Robert Williams**, the Negro revolutionary who is the present-day Tokyo Rose, say he's really en route home this time. Williams, who has churned out anti-American propaganda for **Fidel Castro** and **Mao Tse-tung** for the past eight years, is still wanted in North Carolina on a kidnaping charge.

■ **John Lindsay**, still scrambling for support, got it last week from Mrs. **Angier Biddle Duke**, who's heading an Americans Abroad for Lindsay movement, Paris-based (her husband was **JFK**'s Chief of Protocol). **Robert S. Allen** in *NY Daily Column* reports Lindsay may also get sizable contributions from former McCarthy supporters **Howard Stein**, of Dreyfus Fund, and Harvard instructor **Martin Peretz**. Peretz, you may recall, helped finance the National Conference for a New Politics in 1967 which the black powerites took over. . . . In Ohio, **James Rhodes**' campaign for the Senate is getting underway already: money and staff being lined up. Rhodes is prevented by law from running for governor a third time. He faces tough opposition very probably from Cong. **Donald (Buz) Lukens** and possibly from Cong. **John Ashbrook**—both to the right of Rhodes. . . . In California, Rep. **John Tunney**'s bid for what will be a hotly contested Democratic senatorial primary (against **George Murphy**) suffered somewhat with Chappaquiddick. Tunney is the Kennedy man on the Coast, hoped to have EMK make speeches for him.

■ Silver Lining Dept: A woman who tried to pay a traffic ticket in Bay St. Louis right after hurricane **Camille** swept the area, was told to forget it—the Court House with the records had blown away. . . . British taxpayers will get some change back from their outlays to invest **Prince Charles** as Prince of Wales. It now develops that eight of the Bobbies sent from England to guard the Prince padded their expense accounts.

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- **What Truman really said about Hiss: too shocking for the highminded *Times*?**
- **The fate of the 50,000 Vietnamese who dared to say they didn't want their farms collectivized. (Looking it up in the *Times* Index? Forget it.)**
- **U.S. Communists infiltrate UN, but the *Times* keeps mum.**
- **What J. Edgar Hoover said about Oswald. What the *Times* said he said.**

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXI NO. 35 SEPTEMBER 9, 1969

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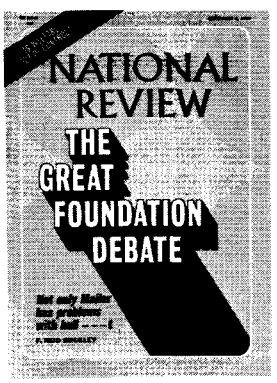
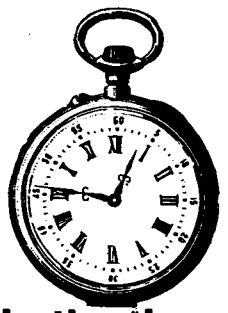
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Jeffrey Hart** takes on the task of unraveling the zany network of tax-exempt foundations which proliferate in America, he points out, like rabbits in Australia. No real harm in the kookier foundations, says Hart, but the political activities of the Ford-type complexes must be curtailed. . . . From Spain, **F. Reid Buckley** begins by mourning the decline of bullfighting but then sees hope in an exemplary performance by a *novillero*. Mr. Buckley, free-lance writer and author of *Eye of the Hurricane*, will make a speaking tour of the U.S. this fall. . . . In his first *NR* appearance, **T. E. Utley**, leading editorial writer for the British *Sunday Telegraph*, writes an on-the-scene analysis of the troubles in Ulster. Bumbling Harold Wilson does it again, declares Utley. . . . **Phil Ardery**, *NR*'s resident swinger, drives up to Woodstock to make the scene at the recent music festival. Come on you conservative individualists, chides Phil, it really wasn't all *that* bad. . . . If you go about it properly, cooking can be just as much fun as eating, says **Nika Standen Hazelton**, who proceeds to demolish some of our most cherished culinary superstitions. . . . **Patricia Coyne**, who writes about the welfare-diet fad, knows whereof she speaks. Pat has successfully fed Jennifer, Dickie, Amanda, Charity and John, often on considerably less than 66 cents per person per day.



■ **Henry Hazlitt** doesn't like President Nixon's welfare proposals, and neither does cartoonist **Tom Curtis**. In the first in a series by conservative thinkers and economists on the President's plan, Mr. Hazlitt predicts that taxes and payments will rise, while work requirements will wither away. . . . And **Frank Meyer** believes that conservatism, delicately balanced between traditionalism and libertarianism, is tilting dangerously toward libertinism.

■ **M. Stanton Evans** reviews Kevin Phillips' *The Emerging Republican Majority*, a thoroughly documented and impressively researched book which predicts that the trend is toward conservative Republicanism. . . . **Stefan T. Possony** finds in a comprehensive study of political treaties a welcome refutation of the idea that treaties provide a panacea for international ills. **Arnold Green** re-reviews a republished work on school desegregation and finds it just as scurrilous the second time around. . . . **Richmond Crinkley** discusses three on the theater of the Sixties. A low dishonest decade, but things may be picking up. . . . And **Priscilla Buckley** attends three thoroughly delightful musicals, all of which, believe it or not, feature heterosexual casts who keep their clothes on.



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LETTERS

Scandalous Vandals

I must protest the heading used for Mr. James Jackson Kilpatrick's article "A Very Different Constitution" [*NR*, August 12]. Such scurrilous attacks cannot go unanswered. No gypsy I know would indulge in the kind of wilful vandalism practiced by the Warren Court. In fact, probably no Vandal would either.

New York, N. Y. BOHDAN WASIUTYNSKI

Kilpatrick v. Warren

I can't swallow Kilpatrick's account of the Warren reign. Decisions like *Brown* v. *Board of Education* were not a sudden upheaval of long-standing traditions, but an addition to the Court of one new member, sympathetic to the views of an already strong bloc. Five-to-four decisions are obviously never very sound and, taking into consideration the fact that a President appoints a new Justice on the average of once every 23 months, none of the Warren innovations is guaranteed longevity. The Burger Court will be accused of the same manipulations by liberals who oppose the ends it seeks. The real crisis, however, does not lie with the ends, but the means, and if satisfaction is to be achieved it will only come through a legislative check on judicial actions. Castigating an unsympathetic Court, while praising it when men sit on it who share our own political philosophy, will only help to perpetuate the usurpation of power by the judiciary.

Grand Forks, N.D. EDWARD J. WARD III

Rarely does a lawyer find the comments of a non-lawyer helpful in analyzing judicial opinions. Despite this prejudice, I was impressed by James J. Kilpatrick's article on the Supreme Court under Earl Warren. Kilpatrick correctly blames the Court for its pronounced tendency to assume legislative powers, and to substitute its own standards of moral judgment for the provisions of the Constitution.

The keynote of the Warren years has been enforced egalitarianism. Neither constitutional history nor the rights of the states was permitted to block a series of doctrinaire decisions requiring absolute equality. Equality has come to overshadow individual liberty.

As Kilpatrick suggests, Warren is certainly not to be compared to John Marshall in either intellectual ability or dominance over the Court. But there is a further basis of distinction. The famous decisions of Marshall tended to protect property rights against the egalitarian impulse. Under Warren, on the other hand, the egalitarian drive has replaced sound

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From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope

UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

One of its names is "Some Day."
The ever present,
never ending promise.
It starts in the green-
blue of earliest dawn.
Suddenly all of us are
in it, and it becomes
today.
With tasks.
With troubles.
With joys.
Old stories ended.
New stories begun. Words
about men hunting men.
About a people
in Africa starving.
Some say, "Let them."
Others, "Save them."
Somewhere freedom is lost.
Elsewhere, a man or
a nation steps toward it.
Every man
in his own day, sees
the world's day, too.
In print.
Our job is to erase
today's history.
To get ready for
"Some Day."
We make paper out of
paper.
Cleanse it of the
world's woes,
of the city burning,
and of the
Major League standings.
The ink,
the clay, the resins,
the binders
are washed away.
Left is the thread,
as clean, as new and even
more useful than when it
first came from the
trunk of a forest giant.
These threads
and fibers
were yesterday's headlines
and those of the
day before.
Now they are refined,
and refined again.
Freed of flaw.
Tamed.
Tractable.
Renewed.
They might, instead,
have been wasted
to symbolize a life
damaged or destroyed.
Or a worthy cause
made meaningless.
So can the thread and
fiber be lost.
But they can serve again
as part of the
thread of hope.
Fibers, lives,
causes and dreams.
All can be washed,
made whole again.
For "Some Day."
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

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SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW

The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that can not be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

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legal reasoning as a basis for judgment.

No other nation gives such extensive powers to the judiciary as the United States. Unless the Burger Court shows greater restraint than its predecessor, the citizens may be compelled to reconsider the place of the Supreme Court in our political system.

Charlottesville, Va. JAMES W. ELY JR.

Lonely Conservatives

Mr. Braine ["On Leaving the Herd," July 29] wrote straight from the heart, and straight to the heart of a fellow isolated conservative. Canada, unlike the States, has no real opposition party; there is no real difference between the Progressive Conservatives and the Liberals. It is easy to slip into that intellectual arrogance and apathy against which Braine warned so effectively.

Toronto, Ont. MARY DOWNEY

Christians 2, Jerome 0

In his article on Dr. Wiesner's expertise on ABM [*NR*, July 29], Yale Ewing neglected to mention Dr. Wiesner's expertise in another area, the project to land a man on the moon. Dr. Wiesner, according to a story printed in the *London Sunday Times*, not only disapproved of the lunar orbiting system which now appears to have turned out pretty well, but started an argument about it with Dr. Wernher von Braun in the presence of the President of the United States, the British Minister of Defense, the scientific adviser to the Minister of Defense and a number of reporters at Huntsville, Alabama in 1962.

The courageous astronauts and the U.S. taxpayers who are footing the NASA bill are presumably just as happy that Dr. von Braun prevailed over Dr. Wiesner.

Hingham, Mass. DAVID S. CUTLER

Kick the Habit

Thanks for C. H. Simonds' brilliant review of *The Kingdom and the Power* [*NR*, August 12].

One of the blessings of birth in this heartland of America is that you don't get hooked on habits like the *Times.*

Judging by the relative conditions of our town and yours, it's a good habit to avoid.

Columbus, Ohio WALTER W. SEIFERT

Tortured Phrase?

I've read and heard some pretty tortured phrases in my years of some familiarity with the mother tongue, but I had supposed that such monstrous collections of notions as ". . . a final and irretrievable plunge into the abyss of the arms race spiral . . ." had been purged by "thoughty" journals, with the possible exception of the *Saturday Review.* See *NR*, July 29, p. 756, column 3.

Washington, D.C. CHARLES J. FREDERICK

But you have to admit it's a striking image. —ED.

Israel

I would like to answer Mr. Sass ["Letters," July 29] why so few Jews are conservative. I am Jewish and I am a member of the American Conservative Union. I like the conservatives, but do they like me, a dirty foreigner from Russia (why don't you go back?), a naturalized American and Jewish to boot? I object to the anti-Israel policy of NATIONAL REVIEW. Mr. Buckley's God is a young man, he goes to Yale, but my God is very old and he lives in Israel. He promised it to us Jews. Conservatives want us to give up Israel, but Israel is part of our religion and that is why I can't be a true conservative. The radicals remind me of a broken record; they have not had a single new idea since Marx died, but neither do I like the anti-Israel articles of the NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York, N.Y. FREDA LULINSKY

The editors of NR *do not believe that the Jews a) should, b) can be driven out of Israel. We are, it is true, sometimes critical of Israel's policies, but no more often than we are critical of Arab intransigence and of the American government's policies re the Middle East and in general.* —ED.

Macpherson Holocaust

Mr. Douglas Van Patten's mother ["Letters," July 1] apparently knew her Gaelic. In that tongue, "MacDuff" means the son of Duff; Macduff (small d) identifies a direct descendant in the male line from the ancestral Mr. Duff.

My own mother was a Macpherson (small p, if you please), a descendant of the ancestral *a' Phearsoin* (the priest). Any juggling of a capital P for a lower case p (nit-picking to Sassenach insensibility) would have indicated that her respected father was the son of a celibate priest.

A Macduff war? Phooey! A mere skirmish in comparison to the holocaust that capital P might have caused.

Escondido, Cal. CHARLES S. PHILLIPS

Ba maith linn do litir; go raibh maith agat. O nílimíd Sasanaigh, aontuighimíd go fuil an idirdhealbhadh ana-thairbheach. —ED.

Author Comments

I wish to express my appreciation to you for the very generous space you devoted to Mr. Arnold Green's review of my book, *Epistle to the Babylonians,* in your July 1 issue.

In the review, Mr. Green did occasionally pounce with a certain agility upon a conclusion, but I interpreted his approach as generally friendly, which was gratifying. There is only one comment I must make: Mr. Green thinks it "unlikely that any intellectual minority will espouse" the "idiosyncratic prejudices" that I espoused. Good! If any such minority did so, *as a group,* it would represent a vitiation of my main theme.

Nashville, Tenn. CHARLES L. FONTENAY

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Shuffling of Labels

Once again you have repeated an all-too-common fallacy about California higher education ["California Points the Way," August 12]: that students pay no tuition at U. Cal. During the two years I spent at UCLA doing graduate work I never, it is true, got a bill for "tuition." Instead the Registrar's Office cleverly charged me $78.50 per quarter for "fees." Through this fast shuffling of labels the administration can say students receive "tuition-free" education, but anyone who has been there knows this is only a word game on the administration's part. Currently tuition ("fees" to them) in the graduate division at UC is over $100 per quarter, well over $300 per academic year. Let's keep the facts straight—students at UC *do* pay tuition, whatever it's labeled this year. The question before the house is not should students pay tuition, but rather how much should they pay and who should determine this?

Palos Verdes, Cal. THOMAS S. JOHNSON

Meyer on Relativism

A recent column by Frank S. Meyer ["The Revolution Eats Its Parents," June 3] continues a debate begun by Professor Greenway's article (March 11) attacking anthropologists' glorification of American Indians. The chief issue linking these two is: If one rejects relativism, thereby maintaining that some values or cultures are superior to others, what should be one's attitude toward those other cultures? I basically sympathize with NATIONAL REVIEW's attacks on the liberal and relativistic positions, but I suspect that they have at times verged on narrow-mindedness and intolerance.

The support of particular values should not lead one into bigotry. Certainly the liberal anthropologists have been extremely cavalier in their dismissal of Western civilization, but it still remains true that some representatives of that civilization have shamefully treated American Indians and others. I refer, for example, to the base desire for easy wealth which motivated the Spanish conquest and looting of Central and South America, and the United States prospectors' invasions of Indian reservations in South Dakota, eventually resulting in still another broken treaty.

One can certainly make arguments for the superiority of particular philosophical, religious and political beliefs, and I believe such judgments are important. This, however, does not justify Mr. Meyer's reference to "the narrow suppressed expressions of the human spirit in the barbarous cultures of Polynesia, Africa or the pre-Columbian Great Plains." Certainly a work such as Paul Radin's *Primitive Man As Philosopher* would give abundant evidence of the importance of intellectual and spiritual life. They would at least suggest how a native Polynesian, etc., could view them as immensely valuable possessions.

(Continues on page 920)

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THE WEEK

■ Good afternoon, guideline buffs, and welcome to another chapter in the real-life drama, "Freedom of Choice with Dignity." In our last episode, you recall Actor's Equity was saying . . . "No performer may be forced to act or audition in the nude as a sole prerequisite to employment" and the producers were saying *"Che! . . . Geese . . . Oh! Calcutta! . . .*" and so on. Today we hear Tom Starveling say: "Just look at that pectoral development, Mr. Producer. I tell you, I'm right for the part!" And Mr. Big replies: "How many times I gotta tell ya, kid, ya gotta belong to Equity or I can't hire ya." And Tom says: "But I *must* have work, sir—just let me show you my testimonials!" and Mr. Big says: "Beat it, kid." And now a word from our sponsor, the Wagner Act. . . .

■ With the nomination of Judge Clement Haynsworth of Greenville, S.C. to Abe Fortas' old seat on the Supreme Court, Richard Nixon moved to fulfill another campaign pledge: to change the liberal-activist character of the Court to its proper constitutional role. The screams that greeted the Haynsworth announcement were pleasing to the ear—the ADA, Jacob Javits, John Lindsay, Joe Rauh. Nixon has now named two Justices. The chances are that he'll get to name three more. The nine-man Court will thus have a Nixon majority for at least a generation.

■ Well, what would you do if *you* were John Lindsay (yes, yes, besides *that*)? You're supposed to make a valedictory speech to the three thousand college students who took summer jobs with the city under the Urban Corps program. They're sitting there all fresh and eager; their parents are going to vote for some Italian; you're tired. The Negroes don't like you, the Jews don't like you, the Arabs don't like you, ditto the Republicans, Democrats, cops, firemen, cabbies, voters and other minority groups. Ah, but Youth likes you, or anyway you like Youth which is almost the same thing if you close both eyes and wish real hard. So you praise their "involvement" and "motivation," which you contrast with the lumpishness of "the Establishment," which Establishment the young workers "have had to educate . . . as to what the business of living is all about," which task they have accomplished by "getting rid of the sham that encased so much of the lives of the generation before," which sham destroyed, the boys and girls may go back to college where they should receive "credit towards graduation" for their (full circle!) "involvement." Youth applauds you politely, which suggests that Youth couldn't spot a sham if one spat in its eye.

■ Governor Ronald Reagan could run backwards from now to 1970 and still cross the California gubernatorial finish line yards ahead of any potential Democratic rival. The latest Field poll shows that among all voters Reagan leads Jesse Unruh by a healthy 54 to 35 per cent. Trailing Unruh are Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco and S. I. Hayakawa of San Francisco State. Two strong indications of Democratic resignation to the inevitable: Herb Caen has said nothing nasty about Reagan in his *San Francisco Chronicle* column for over a month; and there is a move among Democrats, believe it or not, to persuade former Governor Pat Brown to try for the nomination.

■ Fr. James Groppi, Milwaukee's militant man of gosh, has struggled back into the news by attempting to block the entrance of the Allen-Bradley Co., to protest its failure to undertake preferential hiring of Negroes (a violation of the Civil Rights Act). Shortly before, the company had been cleared of discriminatory hiring at a federal hearing at which Fr. Groppi was the chief government witness. While Allen-Bradley employs relatively few Negroes, the problem is more one of geography than racism—few Negroes live nearby, and few apply for work there. Nonetheless, Allen-Bradley has promised to make greater efforts to advise Negro job-seekers of its available openings. This of course does not satisfy Fr. Groppi, whose target happens to be the company most prominently identified, of all in Milwaukee, with the conservative point of view. There are some sins even a man of gosh cannot absolve.

■ In its preoccupation with "racism," the World Council of Churches, meeting at Canterbury, was merely acting in character: it seldom has anything of interest to say on religious matters, and so it has for the most part entertained itself, and bored the rest of us, with its devotion to the last cliché of secular liberalism. Predictably, it detected "racism" only in the white West: "Many religious institutions of the white Northern world [Hey, what about Australia?] have benefited from racially exploitative economic systems," declared the Council's central committee, not, you understand, pausing over the USSR, which, presumably, exploits without regard to race, and so is okay. Anyway, the churches were urged to "confess their involvement in the perpetuation of racism." If you think all this sounds awfully familiar, well, you're right, and you can greet it with the snore it deserves. The Council deserves some credit, however, for rejecting James Forman's fantastic demand for "reparations," and for urging the churches to pay more attention to the needs of the poor—this last suggestion being about the only orthodox thing said all week at Canterbury.

■ The death toll from the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia zoomed last week as hundreds of thousands of Czechs protested the anniversary of the Day of Shame. We'll never know how many died, how many more were

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imprisoned. One, five, ten, fifty, a hundred, thousands? Prague will do its best to minimize it—unless it intends to use the riots and demonstrations of August 21 and 22 as the excuse for finishing the purge. This time it was Czechs firing on Czechs, Czechs beating Czechs, Czechs tear-gassing Czechs, Czech tanks against Czech people. The Czechs did the dirty work but the orders came from Moscow. And when the time comes, in the not so distant future, for the destruction of Alexander Dubcek, it will be Czechs who execute the orders, but Russians who give them.

■ Harold Wilson may have been saved from jail by the Irish troubles. Warner Williams, a young English gravedigger, set out last week in a rowboat for the Scilly Isles, where Wilson was vacationing, to make a "private person's" arrest. Wilson, charged Williams, who studies law when not digging graves, violated an ancient civil regulation by applying for membership in the Common Market: ". . . conspiring with foreign powers to place an authority [Brussels Council] above the sovereign." Williams promised to "use force" if necessary and declared he would row the Prime Minister back to the mainland and deposit him in a Cornish dungeon. But before he arrived, the Northern Ireland blowup blasted the Prime Minister off his beach.

■ East Germans are replacing Indians as pilots of the MiG-17s of the Nigerian air force. Unlike the Indians, they are trained for night flying. The Biafrans are very much concerned that they will succeed in interdicting the night flights of both food and arms to the Biafran air strip at Uli.

■ Bernadette Devlin has, alas, turned out to be a very unsatisfactory young woman. She is given to statements like that recent message to Irish-Americans: "Tell them that if they won't support black Americans in their struggle, we don't want their help." Or, just in case that didn't give her a clear 100 per cent Ideology Score, there was this report in the *New York Times:* "The final solution to the Irish question, Miss Devlin said, was a united free Ireland. But she said it should not be based on the Irish Republic, which she contended was economically too weak to absorb the six depressed northern industrial counties," and of course the fact that its government is trying (with increasing success) to attract private industry will, as we all know, do the workers no good whatever. . . . It is interesting that John Lindsay is so fond of Miss Devlin. Together they could win the Eleanor Roosevelt Syllogism Contest hands down.

■ A New York Supreme Court judge has held that the publication of anti-Catholic articles in the college newspaper of the Staten Island Community College is in violation of the separation of church and state. The decision would however appear by logical extension to forbid religious articles as well and thereby remove such religious dialogue from the pages of public college newspapers.

■ Clutching a million-dollar contract from his publisher, Norman Mailer descended to Houston and Cape Kennedy in July, determined to find hell when he got there. But the astronauts, he discovered, have "pleasant and indeed even honorable faces." The giant hangar for their Saturn V rocket, he found, looks like a "warehouse of the gods." Even Wernher von Braun, whom Mailer had pegged as the Devil's chief henchman, just might be, the author finally concluded, "an agent of the Lord." An honest man, Mailer recorded this change of heart on his typewriter. And his last grumble—"simple masculine envy" that he, too, could not "go up in the bird"—died beneath the awful rumble of Apollo's blastoff. Partway through Mailer's book, the moonshot now floats somewhere in limbo. Through his ever-more-adoring eyes we may trace its further ascent into the heavens in *Life* Magazine, which is printing the sublime story, sublimely rendered, in installments.

■ As pictured in the current issue of the SDS *New Left Notes* the Motor City Nine look as tough as Bonnie and Clyde, but they aren't as photogenic. Anyway this is the heroic exploit for which they are being lionessized (they're women): A couple of weeks ago they broke into a classroom at Macomb Community College and started lecturing the students—imperialism, women's liberation, Vietnam, honky police, that kind of stuff—when (we quote) "Two men got up to leave the room. It is reported that the Motor City Nine responded to such an exhibition of male chauvinism and general pig behavior by attacking the men with karate until they returned to their seats. Then they continued to discuss how women are used as slave labor in the household, exploited on the labor market, and turned into sexual objects." This little piggy went wee-wee-wee-wee all the way home.

■ It may just be the Reuters report, but the way we read it, Nobelista Prof. Linus Pauling has rearranged his Gnostic priorities to advocate 4) an end to unequal dis-

Show Us a Sign

Like Elijah, who implored
"Water for my people, Lord,"
I've been dying on the vine
For some Presidential sign.
Just a tiny one would do:
Say a cloud across the blue
(Scudding left to right, of course);
Something *solid* to endorse.
What a joy, therefore, to say
Nixon's making rain today.
For a Presidential "sign,"
Mr. Justice Haynsworth's fine.

W. H. VON DREELE

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tribution of wealth, 3) ditto militarism, 2) ditto cigarette smoking, and 1) everybody should drink orange juice, because orange juice fights disease, and helps in treating schizophrenia, and can raise IQ, and mostly it helps one think clearly, and just "imagine what would be the consequence for the world if national leaders and the people as a whole were to think more clearly, even 10 per cent more clearly," as he puts it, and "imagine where the world would be now if Prof. Pauling had started drinking orange juice years ago instead of last month," as we put it, and as long as we're all agreeing and thinking clearly and drinking orangely, don't sell your frozen orange juice futures until Strontium 90 sets in.

■ Gamal Abdel Nasser on American foreign policy: "The genius of you Americans is that you never made clear-cut stupid moves, only complicated stupid moves, which makes us wonder at the possibility that there may be something to them we are missing."

■ Where's Timothy Leary?

Welfare and the 'Suitable Job'

The intentions embodied in the Administration's welfare plan, as well as the broad outlines of the mechanism itself, are now clear enough, and discussion has therefore begun to focus on a number of pivotal details. The Administration clearly wishes to set up a system which will be to a considerable degree self-liquidating. Though Nixon's approach will raise welfare costs at the outset, it "aims at getting everyone able to work off welfare rolls and onto payrolls," and so, if it is successful, costs will be reduced in the long run.

Absolutely fundamental here is the President's stipulation that "everyone who accepts benefits must also accept work or training provided suitable jobs are available either locally or at some distance if transportation is provided. The only exceptions would be those unable to work, and mothers of pre-school children." The soft spot in this formulation is the word "suitable," and upon how that word comes to be defined rest the prospects of the plan.

The argument is already being pressed that some kinds of work are degrading. Last week six hundred welfare recipients gathered at Wayne State University in Detroit for a meeting of the National Welfare Rights Organization. Although some had worked in the past as domestic servants, they would not, they made it clear, willingly accept such work now; they "would never, in this time of technological, economic and human-rights advances, perform such demeaning and low-wage work again."

Instead, they'll stay on welfare. But is any honest job more "demeaning" than this proposition? To be a cook, chauffeur or housemaid, to fill any of a variety of menial positions—why, indeed, should this be less worthy than dependence on the public treasury?

During the last third of the twentieth century, the fastest growing job category will be in the so-called service functions, and, increasingly, jobs will polarize into two broad categories—the technical-intellectual and the service jobs. Not everyone can be a computer programmer or a space technician. And if in the new welfare plan the phrase "suitable job" is not interpreted to mean something like "any job the individual is physically capable of performing," then the Administration's plan will surely fail to get "everyone able to work off the welfare rolls."

Get It While It's Hot!

After a thorough study of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, a statement by Averell Harriman and the entrails of four sheep, our Circumlocution Office has deduced the current liberal line on Vietnam. It goes something like this: The celebrated "battlefield lull" was a peace signal from Hanoi that it had "run out of steam" (Harriman) and needed time to regroup and resupply, in view of which we must "settle for the territorial status quo" instead of trying to extend the control of the South Vietnamese government—strike that, of the Saigon regime—over enemy-held territory, speaking of which government, uh, regime, the replacement of a civilian premier by another civilian who used to be a general is bad, even though the new man is a southerner and a Buddhist and southern Buddhists are under-represented in Saigon, because there are too many military men in the regime already and because Thieu,

Poor Baby

Representative Ogden R. Reid (R., N.Y.) decided to cancel a scheduled trip to South Africa after he learned that the South African government would grant him a visa only on the condition that he made no speeches.
N. Y. Times

There's so much to ogle at Kruger;
The fauna are truly bizarre.
While elephants stare,
You're in for a scare
As lions paw over your car.

The veldt is a vision at sunset;
The bush is a hunter's delight.
Pretoria's where
The Boers, in their lair,
Gave Britain a hell of a fight.

It's oodles of fun for the tourist;
Each province has something to teach.
So come and compare,
By ship or by air . . .
Unless you're intending to preach.

W. H. von Dreele

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If you are a student

(or the parent of a college-bound student) please take a moment now to answer Yes–or–No to these simple questions:

YES	NO	
☐	☐	Are you alarmed by the recent riots on college campuses?
☐	☐	Do you think campus radicals have gone too far?
☐	☐	Do you agree that laws may be broken to effect social and political changes at colleges?
☐	☐	Would you like molotov cocktails thrown through **your** classroom window?
☐	☐	Do you agree with the liberal press in its support of campus lawlessness?
☐	☐	Are you alarmed by increased drug use among college students?
☐	☐	Do you think college administrators have the right to refuse to cooperate with narcotics investigations?
☐	☐	Are you afraid that violence on once-peaceful college campuses will spread to once-peaceful communities?
☐	☐	Do you feel that students need more reason than radicalism?
☐	☐	Do you think they'll find more reason than radicalism in liberal campus surroundings?
☐	☐	Are you agreed that students need a reliable source of information to tell them what is going on?
☐	☐	Do you think that **National Review** can provide a student with accurate, reasonable facts and opinions?
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who everybody knows is a puppet of Washington, is disregarding Washington's advice to broaden the base of his government—that's the same Thieu, or is it Ky, who doesn't want any more U.S. troops withdrawn just now and sure enough we canceled a scheduled withdrawal, and now President Nixon "gives the impression of becoming an instrument of the Saigon regime" (*Times*). Nice going, CO, we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

Jerusalem II

Last fall, William Scranton visited the Middle East as Nixon's representative and returned to say that the Nixon Administration ought to pursue a "more even-handed" policy there, whereupon Nixon came under severe domestic pressure to repudiate Scranton's view; which was odd, since "even-handedness" would seem to have much to recommend it (and, by the way, notice that Scranton didn't quite actually say "even-handed"; he said "more even-handed"—i.e., "more even-handed" than the policy of the outgoing Johnson Administration).

Well, in its July 29 issue, *NR* recommended an "even-handed" resolution of the Jerusalem issue. It took the position that the special historical character of Old Jerusalem made the Holy City *sui generis*, and suggested that it be removed from the political conflict. Three religions have irrefutable claims there; Moslems, Jews and Christians live and own property there. At the present time the entire Holy City is in the process of being consolidated under Israeli rule, they having occupied the Jordanian sector during the Six-Day War. No pretense is being made that the Israeli occupation is conceived as temporary: all measures suggest a permanent "unification."

The Israeli occupation has been condemned with unique unanimity: twice by the Security Council, by the General Assembly and by world religious leaders. It is the one issue on which India agrees with Pakistan, the *New York Times* with the Franco government, Cuba with Venezuela, black with white, yellow and tan. American policy itself officially refuses to recognize any unilateral action affecting the status of Jerusalem. To have evoked this unanimity—not just a majority, not even a preponderant majority, but unanimity—a position just might have a trace of merit.

Furthermore, it is clear that the Arabs regard Israeli occupation of Old Jerusalem as an outrage, even as Israel would so regard an Arab occupation of the Holy City. If there is any doubt about the inflammatory nature of this issue, such doubt ought to have been dispelled by the events following the recent arson attack upon the Al Aksa Mosque, one of the three most sacred shrines in Islam. Any such occurrence, under Israeli rule, is bound to be viewed by the Arabs as an extreme provocation whether or not done by Israelis. We have seen what the Arab response is likely to be: there has now been a rocket attack upon Jerusalem, which, fortunately, caused little damage.

More than any other aspect of the conflict, the Jerusalem situation has the character of a potential Sarajevo. *NR* therefore recommended, even-handedly, that the Holy City, Israeli and Jordanian sectors alike, be removed from the conflict through the device of internationalization. Whereupon all hell broke loose.

Which was odd. In our view the recommendation was, in fact, even-handed: both Jordanians and Israelis have claims in the city, and Israeli and Jordanian sectors would like to be internationalized. In all the mail we received, however, there was not a single letter from a Jordanian sympathizer objecting to the proposal on the grounds of its unfairness to the Arab side. (Sirhan Sirhan, where are you?) To be sure, our proposal has its weaknesses. As Professor Jacob Neusner remarked (*NR*, August 26), "the only real 'error' in your editorial is its rationality. The reason for conflict in the Middle East is the absence of the kindly, constructive spirit revealed in your comments." Mr. Neusner has a point. And yet the current situation is so volatile that some such proposal seems clearly called for.

It has taken some time to read and analyze the flood of mail which inundated *NR*, unanimously condemning the editorial, but we have now done so; and we print in this issue, as well (see "The Open Question"), a communication from our friend and contributor Max Geltman, which makes many of the points made by other letter writers. We now address ourselves to the main ones:

1) When Jordan controlled Old Jerusalem, she behaved badly. "Synagogues were turned into stables and tombstones into paving blocks" (Geltman); Jews were prevented from visiting their own holy places. But to the extent that this was true, it is impossible to construe it as an argument against internationalization. Rather, it would seem to be a good argument in favor of our position.

2) "You mentioned the bulldozing and requisitioning of Arab houses. On the other hand, you didn't mention that each Arab landholder was offered compensation for his dilapidated house." Who decided that such houses were "dilapidated"? Who decided what the "compensation" would be?

3) The UN is resolutely anti-Israeli and cannot be counted on to provide a fair administration of the city (Geltman); and, setting aside this view, the UN is simply ineffective and couldn't do a good job even if it wanted to. Both points have some merit. Recent UN votes have gone against Israel, though, of course, the UN originally voted to establish Israel in part of the former British mandate; and the UN has not proved particularly effective in resolving international conflicts. Yet this does not necessarily mean that the UN could not provide for the civil administration of the Holy City. (Mr. Geltman's fancy that the UN would—"almost inevitably"—appoint Eldridge Cleaver head of Hebrew

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University, etc. need not be dealt with). Still, the UN as a vehicle here is desirable only in comparison with the present circumstance, and other possibilities might be explored: Christian, Jewish and Moslem ecclesiastical leaders just might be able to cooperate in a Vatican-like arrangement, thereby removing the Holy City from the political conflict.

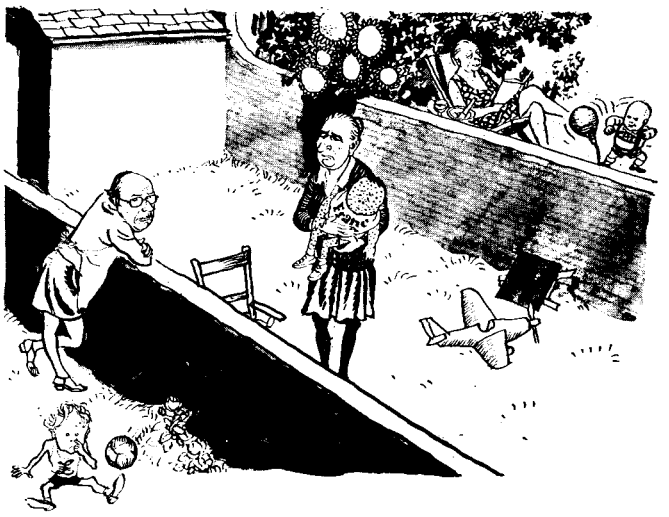
4) One theme in the correspondence must be rejected out of hand: that *NR*'s editorial was in some way the product of unavowed motives, or of some concealed bias against Israel *per se*. Mr. Geltman's suggestion that Eldridge Cleaver, Stokely Carmichael and *NR* are birds of a feather in their desire to "dismember Israel" is a notion that even Mr. Geltman, though he proposes it, cannot himself believe.

In the Land of the Commissars

After gaining asylum in England, Russian novelist Anatoly Kuznetsov published a long and moving article on his life in the Soviet Union. Franz Kafka's symbolist fantasies, yet once more, are seen to be the stuff of everyday Soviet reality. For a writer, we learn once again, the Soviet Union is a nightmare: Kuznetsov's work was rewritten by censors before publication, and propaganda was introduced; to publish at all, let alone travel abroad, he was obliged to act as an informant for the secret police; his phone was bugged and his mail opened; KGB plants repeatedly tested his willingness to act as an informant by simulating anti-Soviet attitudes. "Perhaps some other Russian writer will also, like me, be reduced to blind horror and will wrench himself out of control of the KGB and reveal what they did to him. Perhaps Yevtushenko will one day tell of the conditions on which he was allowed to travel round the world. . . ."

To be sure, these are not startling revelations, but only moving personal testimony. Svetlana told us much the same thing. *New York Times* Moscow bureau chief Henry Kamm has just returned after two years to say yes, Kuznetsov is right: life in the Soviet Union, and not only for intellectuals, represents "the most comprehensive onslaught that has ever been mounted against the human spirit"—though no newsman who hopes to remain persona grata in Moscow can file dispatches telling the truth about it.

But what difference will such testimony by Kuznetsov —or Kamm—actually make? About as much difference as Svetlana and her predecessors—Barmine, Krivitsky, Petkov, etc. etc.—made. Western writers and intellectuals will doubtless sign a letter of protest, to be duly printed in the *Times*, London and New York. Arthur Miller and his chums over at PEN will issue a reproachful statement. But the truth about the Soviet Union as described by Kuznetsov and the others will remain, in Newman's terminology, "notional." It will not become "real" knowledge, something *felt* as true. The Soviet regime will not evoke the sort of revulsion felt automatically for South Africa or the Greek colonels—or, for that matter, the government of South Vietnam. Even symbolic protests, such as athletic boycotts, etc., which seem "natural" in the case of South Africa, will not be considered for the Soviet Union. UN sanctions will remain in force against Rhodesia—but no one will dream of using them to try to change the internal character of the Soviet Union. The brute fact that in the nation which produced Tolstoi, Dostoyevski and Turgenev a clique of self-perpetuating philistine bureaucrats has constructed a dungeon of the spirit will not be felt to be the obscenity it actually is.



Illingworth, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"I'm not really worried—he had it in 1967."

The Expropriation Game

This seems to be a boom year for expropriations. A few months ago Chile forced Anaconda Copper to cede control of the great copper mines Anaconda had developed, and to accept an arrangement that will ultimately phase out all Anaconda ownership interest. Last autumn the Peruvian colonels took over the properties of the International Oil Company, a Standard Oil of New Jersey subsidiary, in June they seized W. R. Grace Co.'s sugar plantations, mills and refineries, and last week said they were adding (though they denied it two days later) a big W. R. Grace paper and chemical complex. In August Zambia announced it was taking an initial 51 per cent interest in the two companies that operate the vast Zambian copper mines—Roan Selection Trust and Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, both owned primarily by U.S. investors. What, if anything, can be done about this unpleasant epidemic?

One must begin with a distinction. Most of the current series, with the possible exception of the IPC instance, are not outright "confiscation without compensation." Chile, Zambia and apparently Peru in relation to the W. R. Grace holdings have made proposals for com-

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pensation over a period of years, in connection with the continuing operation of the properties, for some while at least, by the foreign corporations. We may deplore it but we cannot challenge the right of a sovereign state to expropriate property within its political jurisdiction against payment of adequate compensation. For the corporations concerned, therefore, the immediate practical problem is to press for fair and workable terms of compensation.

In most of the present cases, the local government does not in reality have a free hand. It is acting under nearly irresistible domestic political pressures, which in effect lay down an ultimatum: expropriate or fall. Quite clearly this is true in Zambia and Chile; both Kaunda and Frei are sober men, and would not have seized the ably managed enterprises that are the basis of their economies if they had felt they had any other choice. The Congo gives an interesting and hopeful precedent. The Kinshasa government was compelled by domestic politics to seize the Union Minière properties under a banner of very radical rhetoric. But after some months of demagogic speeches and press releases, Union Minière was back at the old stand under a new arrangement that its management seems to find well worthwhile.

The leaders of the less developed nations are not all boobs. Most of them know that the economies of their countries cannot grow at a sufficient pace without outside capital investment and the aid, for a good many years to come, of skilled workers, technicians and managers from outside. Many of them realize, too, that it is not enough to get valuable products out of the ground; the products must find a market, and this is beyond the local capability. These facts of economic life give the great enterprises of the major nations a tremendous leverage, quite apart from the official acts of their governments. They should use it (as many of them do) firmly, patiently and discreetly, without paying too much attention to the demagogy.

This does not mean that the U.S. Government should be indifferent to these expropriations. On the contrary, it should make its displeasure plainly known, should back the corporations in their negotiations, and, when compensation is either absent or manifestly inadequate, should put into effect what legal and economic sanctions can be brought to bear without jeopardizing more important interests.

It might also try to drum into the heads of the expropriators an economic syllogism. Their nations *must* have investments from foreign sources. If these sources find from experience that there is a risk of expropriation in a given country, then this risk will have to be taken into account in their calculations. Before going ahead with a new enterprise, they will have to see a chance to get back their money with a profit in doublequick time. That is, they will have to be assured of a higher rate of profit; and the greater the risk, the higher. In other words, the inevitable effect of expropriations supposedly carried out to keep the money in the pockets of the home folks is to guarantee that more money goes faster to the Imperialist Exploiter.

Franz Kafka, Call Your Office!

Now listen carefully. We've tried to get this story straight but it isn't easy. Here are the facts we have. They speak for themselves.

1. In El Paso, Texas, just south of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, the National Student Association has its annual congress—to condemn the war in Vietnam, figure ways to keep its tax exemption, elect new officers, that sort of thing.

2. About a hundred black students announce plans to pull out of NSA and form the National Association of Black Students. A spokesman says NSA is "no longer relevant" because it's controlled by "racist students." Another says NABS will be financed by "50 per cent of all foundation money relegated to NSA for the study of black problems since 1961."

3. Just before the voting for new officers, thirty blacks seize the rostrum, cut off the telephones, take over the PA system and announce that the congress can't proceed until NSA is "regrouped and reorganized under the direction of blacks and . . . other third-world people." Leader of the putsch is Muhammed Kenyatta, an official of the we-want-reparations Black Economic Development Conference.

4. Paul Cohen, chairman of NSA's supervisory board, has an insight: "We are being put in the same position as college presidents." But he won't call in the police to restore order, because "we do not want to legitimatize what they [college presidents] have done." And besides, "you are not always giving in to intimidation if you accommodate them a little." NSA votes to give the blacks $50,000 (it has a deficit of $120,000).

5. Kenyatta, it is discovered next morning, isn't even a student. He was brought to the congress by NSA, which is also paying his hotel and restaurant bills. NSA lists him as a "resource person."

All of which goes to show what happens when you cut loose from CIA and let them resource people get uppity.

Liberate the Schools

According to the Gallup Poll, Americans overwhelmingly (80 per cent) favor our mixture of public, private and parochial schools. Yet as educational costs rise, our nonpublic schools are in danger of being driven to the wall. But the remedy is as simple as it is equitable and practicable: Let us introduce the free market into primary and secondary education.

The government entity responsible—state, city, town, school district—should say to the taxpayer: this community collects x dollars in tax money for the purpose

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of education; it has y number of children of school age. Therefore, we will give to parents, for each school-age child, an annual education voucher for x/y dollars. This voucher may be used at any approved school, and any school performing satisfactorily in fundamental education will merit approval.

Milton Friedman has urged us to adopt such a scheme. Canada has a variation of it, under which various kinds of schools are given tax money in proportion to the number of students they educate. And the desirability of introducing freedom of choice into our schools is obvious. It would be responsive to the actual pluralism of American culture, and flexible enough to meet its varying needs. It would increase the economic power of parents, who, if dissatisfied with a particular school, could simply take their vouchers and go elsewhere. Blacks could study Swahili, if they wished, as long as they were getting the fundamentals too. Christians could read the Bible, and even pray for Earl Warren. And because the rewards of excellence would be direct and immediate—more parents turning up with their vouchers—the system would tend to evoke excellence. What do you say, Mayor Marchi?

Got Ark: Need Boston Whaler

In the June 17 issue ("Needed: An Ark") we reported on the efforts of Miss Wyn Sargent, an American journalist and self-appointed humanitarian, to save the Dyak people of Borneo from extinction. When she first visited them a year or so ago she found that the population was down to fewer than three thousand and the life expectancy was 25 years. The Dyaks had fled from their native hunting and fishing grounds before the invading Japanese a quarter of a century ago and were dying of disease and malnutrition in their new territories. Postwar Indonesia had been too busy to help. The legendary Wild Man of Borneo was doomed.

Miss Sargent returned to the States determined to do what she could to help. In less than a year she had enlisted a doctor, a teacher and two missionaries in her project (they volunteered their services gratis for one year) and gathered mountains of food, livestock, medicines and other materials (sixteen tons of food and equipment, over $1,000 worth of farm animals including three hundred ducks). Everyone has lent a hand: Ford, Esso, General Foods, Hunt and Wesson, Johnson Motors, Purina and the Germaine, Funk Bros. and Peto seed companies. The idea was to teach the Dyaks how to make a living where they were now settled, to stamp out the debilitating diseases that take such a heavy toll of the children and to educate them for life in a modern world. But Miss Sargent had no way of transporting her recruits or supplies to Indonesia. She needed an Ark.

That was mid-June.

Well, the miracle has happened. She now informs us that an Indonesian Air Force C-130 cargo plane will transport the equipment and personnel (two agriculturists and a second schoolteacher have joined the original four volunteers) to Jakarta on October 15. Union Oil Co. will pony up the fuel for the flight. Foods International will supply the catering services for the volunteers aboard the C-130. Pan Am is expected to provide plane passage home for the seven volunteers in October 1970 when their tour is over. CARE is considering taking over from Miss Sargent a year hence when the project is well underway. Coca-Cola Export Corporation has made a donation in cash to underwrite the running expenses between now and October 15. (The Indonesian government, incidentally, has indicated that if contraceptives are scheduled in the three tons and more of medicines headed for Dyak land, they won't be needed: that isn't the Dyaks' problem.)

And more supplies are flooding in: toys, rabbit hutches, chicken coops, baby food, six hundred pounds of seed for the agricultural project. But no Boston whaler. That's what Miss Sargent needs now, to transport the equipment up the Mentaja River from Sampit to Kuala Kuajan.

It's our guess she'll get it.

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Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: After a brief conference, my computer and I have agreed that we could sabotage the "Prophet of the Year" contest through brute force—i.e., by submitting enough entries to cover all possible combinations of true/false answers. All this could be outputed through, in effect, a Selectric typewriter; the reader might guess, but he would never know. (Much more practical than alternate methods: forming a "Prophet for Profit" committee to make out entries, and splitting the prize with whomever fortune would select; spending the next year writing everything out myself, on the assumption that there would be twenty questions and not less than twenty questions . . .)

However, there are ethical considerations. (How would it look to have Scientific Data Systems win out over *NR*—SDS triumphant over NATIONAL REVIEW? And winning this way might actually end the contest, which would be unfortunate; besides, there are usually three winners in the contest, one of whom donates everything to the *NR* college subscription fund—as one out of four, I couldn't make up for the years in which this would not happen.) So, a suggestion:

I've gone through two copies of your best book—one loaned out and never recovered, the other simply worn out. Why not reward my loyalty with an autographed copy of *The Unmaking of a Mayor*—if only soft cover?

Brian White
6 Kimball Road
Dedham, Mass.

■ Dear Mr. White: It's a deal.—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I have just finished reading Gore Vidal's account of the debates you had together during the Republican and Democratic Conventions. ("A Distasteful Encounter with William F. Buckley Jr.," *Esquire* Sept., '69).

I don't know how much of it is true. But, I was especially upset over Vidal's accusation that your family was antisemitic and that when a Jewish family bought a house in your hometown (Sharon, Conn.) several outraged members of your family saw fit to vandalize the Christ Episcopal Church: "Honey and feathers were poured over the velvet cushions of the pews. . . . Obscene photographs were inserted in the Bible." (The supposed logic behind the attack on the church was that its minister was the husband of the real-estate agent who sold the house to the Jewish family.)

Over the years many of the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW have come to love and respect your family. Your version of the story (I'm sure you have one) would be greatly appreciated by all of us.

Chris Millin
350 W. 88th St.
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Millin: Thank you for inquiring. Mr. Vidal's account of an incident that took place 25 years ago is inaccurate in every important respect. 1) The church was vandalized, but not in the way Vidal describes. 2) The reason for the vandalization was utterly unrelated to any real estate transaction in which the rector's wife engaged. 3) It happens that I was not involved—a fact known to Vidal, which he did not trouble to record.

1) During a weekend in the spring of 1944, three of my sisters came in from school to spend the weekend at our home in Sharon, Connecticut which was otherwise empty, my parents not yet having come north from South Carolina. They brought two house guests, one of them a classmate at Smith College, another a classmate at Nightingale-Bamford School in New York City. They had heard, during that particular silly season, of several "raids" on churches, and in the course of a Saturday evening the mischievous impulse seized them to enter the church across the street and surprise the parishioners the next morning. That particular church was selected not even because of its proximity, but because of a longstanding friendship between the two daughters of the rector and my sisters, even as one pies the bed not of a stranger, but a friend. One of those daughters had attended school with us in our own home. (She is now known as Audrey Meadows.) Another taught us dancing (she is now known as Jayne Meadows—Mrs. Steve Allen). No obscene photographs were used—merely cartoons cut out of the *New Yorker* Magazine.

2) Far from reflecting the wishes of my father, the "incident," as we came to call it, caused him more grief than any episode in his lifetime. To relate it to the professional activities of Mrs. Cotter is pathological fancy. There had arisen before the war political differences between Dr. Cotter and my father on whether, when and how to act to help Great Britain after the fall of France, such as arose between, e.g., Robert Taft and Wendell Willkie. The suggestion that there were religious implications in the incident is worthy of—Vidal. One of the two companions in the puerile raid was herself an Episcopalian. My father, with characteristic generosity, decreed that their names should not be given to the police. They survive, and if necessary will no doubt come forward.

3) During that entire period I was with my parents in Camden, South Carolina, and at Fort Jackson, taking pre-induction physicals.

Thank you for your confidence in me and my family. It is among other reasons in order to justify it that I have filed suit against Vidal and *Esquire* for libel.

Yours faithfully,
WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

NO MORE VIETNAMS?

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

By now, just about everyone—hawk and dove, liberal and conservative, New Left and Old Right—supports the slogan, "No More Vietnams!" Such universal agreement on a complicated issue is impossible, really. What is being expressed can be no more than a contagious mood that will run its course without affecting the fundamental differences of opinion about America's role in the world.

The mood is isolationist, as becomes daily more obvious. It's not only that we're going to pull out of Vietnam as fast as we can scurry, with a "Never again!" hangover sigh. We're going to pull back all along the line. We're going to cut down those garrisons stashed all over the globe. Who needs all those antisubmarine carriers and missile cruisers, anyway? Put them in mothballs, or sink them. And what are those huge new Galaxy air monsters good for except to tempt us to ferry troops to new Vietnams? Slash that contract. Shut down those bases in Spain—it's a nasty dictatorship anyway—and isn't it about time to begin bringing the boys home from Germany? So Czechoslovakia gets pushed around, and Tanzania gets the Chinese to build their railroad and Moscow arms the Arabs and Peru and Chile and Zambia seize the property of our citizens and Soviet warships move out into all oceans?—no trouble for us if we stick to our cabbage patch.

Into the Shell

Don't start talking about a new Indian Ocean fleet, when the real problem is to stop our existing fleets from messing around in the Mediterranean and the far side of the Pacific. And what sort of madness is it to begin building new missile and antimissile weapons? Do we want to provoke the Russians into a war or something? And now that we've got that moon race foolishness out of our system, we can cut the space budget down to size.

What we've got to do is get our priorities straight: feed our hungry, clean up our cities, put our slum dwellers into new housing, eliminate poverty, straighten out the racial mess . . . in short, crawl into our warm, cozy shell.

It's curious, this talk about "priorities." How can there be any doubt that priority A-1 for any nation must be its own security? Unless it has security a nation cannot even exist. If a choice really has to be made between guns and butter, then guns have got to come first—unless we are ready for suicide.

We are so busy repeating resolutions about No More Vietnams that we almost forget we've still got a Vietnam on our hands, and it shows no signs of fading away. The contrary, rather. In the face of our pleas for a gentlemanly draw, the opponent not only keeps right on playing but raises the stakes.

"Getting out of Vietnam" sounds clear enough. "Vietnam" means (one assumes) a specific, delimited piece of real estate. "Getting out" means the U.S. troops go home. Nothing much to it; it might be a little hard on the locals, but otherwise no sweat.

But the "Vietnam" we've got ourselves into is not just a specific piece of real estate, not even in the geographical sense. The successor states of French Indochina have never been consolidated, nor does Ho Chi Minh intend that they shall be. The only organized political force present when the French quit was the Communist apparatus, thrusting out from the primary Communist fortress to its north.

I have several times discussed Ho's conception of "the revolution on the Mekong," of which his war in South Vietnam is one front. This wider revolution is not a mere possibility of the future. It is already in active course also on the Laotian, Cambodian and northeast Thailand fronts. The revolutionary forces have a net of bases in Cambodia. In the past few months of "lull," during which American withdrawals began, the revolution has made substantial advances in Laos, drawing on Chinese as well as North Vietnamese cadres. In Thailand the combat has so far been on a guerrilla scale, but it has been severe enough to have halted building of the key dam in the Western-backed Mekong development plan. North Burma has for some time been under revolutionary control. The domino theory is outmoded. It is not a question of whether other nations will topple in succession if Vietnam falls. The other nations are not separated dominoes but integrally attached to the Vietnam counter. Our present "Vietnam," from which we want out, is *already* the entire Mekong hinterland; in effect, all Southeast Asia.

Who Cares?

So, the hell with Southeast Asia? But the great power is not permitted to wash its hands so blithely. Even the *prospect* of American withdrawal from all Southeast Asia (which is what all serious people know that withdrawal from Vietnam would really mean) is *already* prompting the anticipatory realignment of policies throughout the Far East and in some measure everywhere. The Pacific nations must begin adjustment of commercial as well as strategic policies to a regional situation in which China, not America, will be the great power. Europe, Latin America and Africa, too, are already feeling the admonitory quakes. It is very probable that our anticipated Southeast Asia pullout—i.e., our defeat—is one factor prompting such moves as those Peruvian, Chilean and Zambian expropriations. Certainly it has much to do with India's swing to the left.

The sad truth of the matter is this: if we can't master our present Vietnam we won't have to worry about future Vietnams. This one will last us a lifetime. □

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AMERICAN FOUNDATIONS

Fat foundations want social stability, not revolution—
but they're going at it backwards.
What's worse, they're "improving society" at the
expense of the lower and middle classes. Reform!

The New Class War

JEFFREY HART

C. Wright Mills, from the Left, called it the Power Elite. William Buckley calls it the (liberal) Establishment. But whatever it's called, the large tax-exempt foundation is one of its chief instruments of organization and influence. Today these foundations are very much on the defensive—indeed, as they acutely sense, in some danger; and they therefore are bringing to bear their immense economic and political resources, as well as their formidable public relations skills, in defense of their controversial position within American society.

Last February, the House Ways and Means Committee, which, under the chairmanship of the redoubtable Wilbur Mills, initiates all tax legislation, began a much awaited—and feared—inquiry into the foundations. Its proposals with regard to the foundations are part of its recommendations on tax reform which the House has now passed.

The Ways and Means Committee has not been the only body raising questions about foundations. A private commission, composed of a dozen or so distinguished citizens, and led by Peter Peterson, Charles Percy's successor as chairman of the board at Bell and Howell, will issue its own report on the foundations later this year. The American Conservative Union has already cast a cool eye on the subject in a report entitled "The Financiers of Revolution." From the far Left, *Ramparts* has attacked the foundations as —surprise!—instruments of capitalist domination.

In scrutinizing the foundations Wilbur Mills, Peterson, the ACU and *Ramparts* are neophytes compared with the near-legendary Wright Patman, Congressman from the First District of Texas, who is sometimes known as "the last of the populists." For the past eight

years, Patman's own foundations subcommittee has been conducting an exhaustive investigation and accumulating thousands of pages of testimony. Wright Patman's skeptical attitude toward the foundations is part of a general distrust of big money, especially big Eastern money, which was virtually bred in his bones. In 1932, as a young congressman, Patman once rose in the House and declared: "On my own authority, as Congressman from the First District of Texas, I hereby impeach Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, for high crimes and misdemeanors." He wasn't joking, it became painfully clear to Mellon and his thirteen lawyers, as Patman spelled out his case in two weeks of testimony before the Judiciary Committee. President Hoover decided to rescue Mellon by appointing him ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Now 75 and in his twenty-first term as a congressman, Patman is a maverick and an original, a glorious figure in his way. His district is red-dirt rural, and divided its votes between Humphrey and Wallace in 1968; but Patman is thornily independent. When the Reverend Abernathy and his followers set up Resurrection City in Washington last year, Patman commented that they had just as much right to be there as any other lobbyists, and that it was a citizen's privilege to petition Congress. His votes are pro-labor. The First District swallows this, but only because he's Wright Patman. In Congress, he is a formidable adversary because he does his homework. A rotund, benign, almost elfin presence, he likes to affect an uncomprehending fuzzymindedness—but this is merely a diversionary tactic, possum-playing, and in the end Patman's opponent usually throws up his hands. For, under the benignity and slightly fey demeanor, Patman is hard as nails, essentially unchanged from the days when, as District Attorney, he cleaned up Texarkana, a tough boom town, closed two dozen brothels in an afternoon and was so relentless in harrying the gamblers that they brought in hired thugs from Chicago to kill him. Patman had to be protected by a contingent of Texas Rangers. Patman, for the last eight years, has been as relentless in his pursuit of the foundations as he once was with the gamblers and the brothels, for it is clear that he considers them to be about on the same moral plane.

Patman is the very type of anti-establishmentarian American, skeptical, thorny, iconoclastic. He has been in Congress for half a century and he is

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enormously knowledgeable about financial matters. But he is utterly unclubbable, and so he has received, for example, only two honorary degrees—one from East Texas Baptist College, and one from Cumberland University at Williamsburg, Kentucky, where he received his law degree. Nevertheless, today, nobody at the Ford Foundation is laughing, nor at the Rockefeller Foundation, and nobody on the Council on Foreign Relations, or at *Time* or *Fortune* or the *Times* thinks he's funny either. For the first time since 1915, when the Walsh Committee looked into the activities of the private foundations, serious reform seems to be in the air. In the very command posts of the Establishment, men like Ford Foundation President McGeorge Bundy and Rockefeller Foundation President J. George Harrar, remembering Andrew Mellon, would do well to reflect on T. S. Eliot's lines about the drowned Phoenician sailor, who "was once handsome and tall as you."

II: *Just Fill in the Form*

THE FOUNDATIONS, which come in all sizes and shapes, are suddenly vulnerable for three main reasons. The first two are relatively straightforward: 1) many operate solely or mainly as tax-dodges, and 2) many are frivolous to the point of kookery in the way they dispose of their tax-exempt funds. Though these two kinds of abuse are serious, they are not especially complicated, and should be readily correctable: reasonable criteria can be established and enforced. The third problem, however, is deep and complicated: the huge foundations, such as Ford and Rockefeller, dispose of enormous amounts of money and exercise great power; yet they are run by men elected by no one, and accountable only to self-perpetuating boards of directors. These large foundations, moreover, are now embarked upon a course which brings them directly into the political arena: their power is brought to bear for one interest or one cause and against another. Yet this power is arbitrary power, unaccountable and, therefore in the strictest sense of the word, irresponsible. Let us look briefly at the first two problems before turning to the third.

First of all, private foundations have been proliferating at a fantastic rate. Two thousand new ones were born in 1968 alone. And anybody can start one. All you have to do is fill out and return IRS Form 1023, which asks two pages of simple questions, most of them answerable by yes or no. To qualify for tax-exemption, a group must be religious, educational, scientific, literary or charitable. In practice, these categories are almost infinitely elastic. What, for example, could not be considered "educational"? If you want to start a foundation, and you can think of a rationale that seems to fit into one of these categories, then you have it made. You put a solid chunk of your money into your foundation, thus protecting it from the tax-collector. Then you do your thing. You can hire your wife as "educational director," and your son as "coordinator." Patman has turned up foundations that support mistresses, widows, divorcées, foundations to recruit football players, foundations to underwrite banquets. One man set up a foundation, donated his house to the foundation, then continued to live in the house, charging his expenses off to the foundation. The possibilities are fascinating: your foundation could have your portrait painted, or your biography written, thus making contributions to "art" and "history."

The tax-dodge works on the large scale even more efficiently than on the small. Take the Ford Foundation. By 1935, Henry Ford and his son Edsel owned 97 per cent of Ford Motor stock. As the Sage of Dearborn began to feel what Samuel Johnson called kind nature's signal of retreat, it dawned on him that if he and Edsel left all their stock to the Ford children, most of it would have to be sold to pay the inheritance taxes. The solution was obvious. Ten per cent of the stock went to the children, 90 per cent to establish the Ford Foundation, thus protecting it from taxes. And there were refinements pleasing to the connoisseur. The Foundation's stock was designated "non-voting," thus keeping Ford Motors under family control. And the Foundation's first "philanthropy" was to pay the inheritance tax on the 10 per cent of the stock that went to the children. As Wright Patman comments sardonically in his mild Texas drawl: "I have nothing against the foundations. I just think it is unfair for people generally to pay taxes while some few have special privileges and don't have to pay taxes. I just think we should all be treated alike. If Ford and Rockefeller have their foundations, I think we should all be able to have foundations. I'm going to advise the people in my district how to set up their own foundations. I'm going to give my folks the forms and everything else they need to get started, because I want them to be treated just as good as the Fords and the Rockefellers."

III: *Like Rabbits*

FOR THE GREAT FOUNDATIONS such as Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie and Duke, tax exemption is only the first benefit conferred, though it is the *sine qua non* of the whole strategy. To understand the political behavior of such foundations it is necessary to realize that they are not autonomous organizations but integral parts of large, interlocking corporate structures. Their behavior, therefore, must be seen not as a reflection of the whim or ideological taste of, say, McGeorge Bundy, but must be interpreted in their actual corporate context. Through interlocking top management, through control of stock, through financial understandings, an organization like the Rockefeller Foundation—beyond its publicized philanthropies—actually functions as a vast holding company. As Wright Patman showed in his 1962 report, the Rockefeller Foundation holds 4.3 million shares in Stardard Oil of New Jersey, two million shares of Standard Oil of Indiana, 230,000 shares of Standard Oil of California, 300,000 of Socony Mobil, 300,000 of Continental Oil, and 100,000 of the Union Tank Car Company. This enormous financial leverage is wielded with tax-exempt funds. Furthermore, as Patman shows, six other Rockefeller foundations own another 3.5 million shares of Standard Oil of New Jersey, 300,000 of Socony Mobil, 450,000 of Ohio Oil. The supposition that the Standard Oil trust had been broken up was clearly premature. The whole structure, furthermore, ramifies almost infinitely. Other Rockefeller interests include Chase Manhattan, Eastern Airlines, Metropolitan Life and Equitable, Consolidated and Natural Gas and Rockefeller Center. In this financial empire, worth more than $88 billion, the tax-exempt foundations, along with 75 family trusts, provide the indispensable organizing vehicle. "Down in Houston," remarks Patman, "there are some neighborhoods so rich that every flea has his own dog. The Rockefellers are like that. Every one of them has his own foundation." John D. Rockefeller III, testifying before Mills' committee, said that he was uncertain just how many foundations his family had, but offhand he man-

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aged to think of some thirteen.

The foundations' tax-exempt money is, of course, very active in a business way. In 1961, for example, the Fords needed a million Ford Motor shares in order to acquire control of the Philco Corporation. The Ford Foundation, despite the fact that its charter specifies that it is "for charitable purposes, and nothing else," immediately disgorged the million shares, parting with them for four dollars a share less than the market value. I suppose this *could* be considered philanthropy.

Foundations such as Ford ($3 billion), Rockefeller ($900 million), Duke ($629 million), Lilly ($580 million) and Carnegie ($335 million) are the stratospheric peaks of the Foundation Range. Down in the foothills, however, there are some small but, in their way, gorgeous growths. Most foundations are in fact quite small, relatively speaking. Two-thirds have assets of less than $200,000, and make grants totaling less than $10,000 annually. A large portion of these are merely status symbols or flagrant tax-dodges. Naturally, as the law stands, they are proliferating like rabbits in Australia. In 1950 there were one thousand foundations. Some 22,000 existed by the end of 1968. Wright Patman feels like Horatius at the bridge.

Some of the smaller foundations are marvels to behold, and it is difficult not to ask whether, in fact, they are so indispensable to the public weal that they ought to be subsidized through tax-exemption. Take Stewart Mott Jr., for example, whose family owns more GM stock than anyone else, having at one point invented and patented the wheel or something of the sort. Young Stewart has set up his own foundation, called Spectemur Agendo, Inc., which gave away $82,000 in 1968. Mott proudly describes the recipients as "a variety of organizations in the fields of extra-sensory perception, human sexual response, aberration and hippie-oriented urban service." On about the same level, there's Harry Ashmore's California Kook-Hatch, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions—established by Ford money—where people like Bishop Pike used to commune with the spirit world, and where, between encounter sessions, would-be Solons sit around writing constitutions.

Perhaps, after all, the public ought to indulge the kook foundations, and the kook activities of the large foundations —though I doubt that I could be persuaded of this on April 15. Patman is fond of ridiculing such things as the Bollingen Foundation's grant for the purpose of studying "the phenomenology of the Iranian religious consciousness," or for investigating decorative motifs on medieval tombstones in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Says Patman: "If the Mellons are more interested in medieval tombstones than in Pittsburgh poverty . . . that is the Mellons' affair. However, there is no obligation upon either the Congress or the American citizenry to give the Mellons tax-free dollars to finance their exotic interests." No doubt. And yet neither of the Bollingen projects is intrinsically absurd or uninteresting, and surely our civilization is the richer for the sum of such "exotic" enterprises. And even some kinds of kookery: after all, kookery is one of the things which does characterize the more amusing civilizations. Surely England was more interesting and attractive at the end of the eighteenth century when William Beckford was erecting the 260-foot high tower of Fonthill Abbey and filling it with objects of art (it collapsed), and when wealthy men were hiring hermits to render their estates picturesque. No doubt the line must be drawn somewhere, but I think that the conservative should by instinct be on the side of at least mild indulgence here.

IV: *Shadow Government*

BUT THE GUT ISSUE concerning foundations is neither their use as a tax dodge nor their abuse by kooks and eccentrics. The profound and difficult issue concerns the role of foundations as a kind of shadow government, disposing of vast social and political power, and using that power, in fact, in highly questionable ways. Though the foundations are acting as a political force, they are not responsible to the electorate and so cannot be "voted out of office" when their political acts prove unacceptable to the majority. This, on the face of it, is intolerable in a representative form of government. And beyond the issue of the irresponsibility of the foundations' power, there is the question of the political and social values which the foundations do espouse, and behind which they put their enormous resources.

To be sure, the world of the great foundations is not ideologically homogeneous. While the best known and indeed largest foundations are liberal (Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Danforth), there are some big ones that help conservatives (Pew Memorial Trust, Lilly Endowment). Nevertheless, at least at the present time, the conservative foundations are less aggressive in the political and social spheres, and have less over-all impact. The older and now lib-

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eral foundations also constitute a kind of farm club or taxi squad for the executive branch of the Federal Government. Men like John J. McCloy, Eugene Black and Robert McNamara move smoothly among the major institutions of the governing elite. McCloy was once chairman of the board at Chase Manhattan (Rockefeller); he was the second president of the World Bank; he later became chairman of the board at the Ford Foundation. Black moved from the presidency of the World Bank to a directorship at Chase to trustee of the Ford Foundation. McNamara moved from Ford Motors to the Pentagon to the World Bank. Arthur H. Dean is a Carnegie trustee. John Foster Dulles, attorney for Standard Oil, served as chairman of the board at the Rockefeller Foundation before moving to Washington. Dean Rusk left the Rockefeller Foundation to succeed to Dulles' old position in the Cabinet. The great foundations are an integral part of a clearly delineated and fairly homogeneous social and political entity. They have also proliferated a variety of satellite organizations which enjoy virtually semi-official status: the Council on Foreign Relations, the Brookings Institution, the National Planning Association, the Columbia Russian Research Center, the MIT Center for International Studies, etc.

The tax-exempt foundations, then, besides disposing of enormous funds, and functioning as integral parts of vast economic empires, are deeply involved with what can accurately be called the governing class ("power elite," "Establishment") of the United States.

V: *Social Aggression*

UNTIL RECENTLY, the eleemosynary activities of the foundations, insofar as the general public apprehended them at all, were relatively non-controversial. The foundations supported medical and scientific research, they provided funds for scholarship and the arts, they were much involved with education and with conservation. By common consent, all this was "legitimate" activity for tax-exempt capital. In addition, such benign activity was consistent with the clear (though not quite so altruistic) intentions of the men who started the foundations: names like Rockefeller and Ford, which were almost synonymous with financial and industrial bullying fifty years ago, underwent a face-lifting. They became associated with "good works" rather than with buccaneering.

But during the last decade, all this has begun to change, and once again "Ford" and "Rockefeller" are becoming hated names, for the great foundations have aggressively involved themselves in political activities, and have brought their enormous resources to bear in conflicts which pit the interests of one group against those of another. "In the U.S.," as *Fortune* said approvingly, "the foundations have developed into a powerful force for social change and human betterment—a third force, as it were, independent of business and government." But "social change," which has such a positive connotation in *Fortune*'s rhetoric, is a complicated and ambiguous thing. Not all "change" is necessarily good. The fall of Troy, after all, was a "social change" not much relished by the Trojans. In the American context, one man's desirable change may be another man's ruined neighborhood or disrupted way of life or lost election. When you get down to specificities, here is what the foundations mean by that hopeful phrase, "social change":

1) In 1967, the Ford Foundation, working through CORE, put $175,000 behind a voter registration drive in the Negro areas of Cleveland, Ohio. McGeorge Bundy has defended this, disingenuously, as merely an effort to expand "democratic participation." But as he knows, there was no way in which such a drive could fail to help Democratic nominee Carl Stokes, a Negro, who, in fact, was elected. Insofar as Seth Taft, Stokes' opponent, paid higher taxes because of Ford's tax-exempt status, Taft was actually contributing to his opponent's election. Insofar as the large numbers of voters who voted against Stokes were paying higher taxes for the same reason, they were contributing to the election of a candidate they in fact opposed.

2) In the fall of 1969, the Ford Foundation helped to finance various school decentralization experiments in New York City. On paper, such decentralization seems to have much to recommend it. Yet in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district, the teachers thought that Ford money was being used to undermine their union, destroy the standards of the public schools, and corrupt key members of the Board of Education by giving them "grants." Whether or not decentralization is desirable, it is clear that the Ford money was used irresponsibly, in the sense that the teachers had no ordinary democratic weapon against it. Other "decentralized" experiments became hotbeds of black racism and radicalism. Daniel Patrick Moynihan summed up the effects in this way:

> Seemingly it comes to this. Over and again, the attempt by official and quasi-official agencies, such as the Ford Foundation, to organize poor communities led first to the radicalization of the middle-class persons who began the effort; next, to a certain amount of stirring among the poor, but accompanied by heightened racial antagonism on the part of the poor if they happened to be black; next to retaliation from the white community; whereupon it would emerge that the community action agency, which had talked so much, been so much in headlines, promised so much in the way of change, was powerless. . . . To bitterness all around.

The Ford Foundation has also put its resources behind "open housing" in the suburbs, deciding, on its own, that integrated living is what people ought to have, whether they want it or not.

3) The Ford Foundation has put a fat $5 million into a complicated scheme which turns out, on closer inspection, to be a Kennedyite political operation. A product of the merging of three other organizations, the Center for Community Change will be based in Washington. Its president is Jack Conway, Walter Reuther's assistant for fifteen years. On its board of directors are: Burke Marshall, a former assistant U.S. Attorney General and a Kennedy functionary; Frank Mankiewicz, Bobby's press secretary; Fred Dutton, executive director of the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Foundation; Walter Reuther, the liberal-left labor leader; and the Reverend Channing Phillips, an RFK supporter, and also, interestingly, the signer of a statement suggesting that the murder of a white policeman by black citizens was "justifiable homicide."

4) Moving even further out, the Ford Foundation has not hesitated to support extremist groups, whatever their impact in their local community. Rep. Henry Gonzalez, for example, a liberal Texas Democrat, has revealed that the Ford Foundation has distributed $630,000 to an umbrella organization which then channeled the money to such groups as MAYO (the Mexican American Youth Organization). Gonzalez said that members of MAYO travel regularly to Cuba, and distribute pro-Castro propaganda among the Mexican-Americans in Texas. The President of MAYO, José Angel Gutierrez, spends his time making speeches denouncing "gringos" and calling for their elimination "by killing

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them if all else fails." Gutierrez is also on the payroll of the Mexican American Legal Defense Fund (MALDF), which, naturally, has received $2.5 million from Ford. According to Rep. Gonzalez, MALDF offices in San Antonio feature pictures of Che Guevara. Ford money also supports a vague entity called the Universidad de los Barrios, which is not in fact a university at all, and has no curriculum. In reality it is a local gang operation, and the young thugs who are part of it, according to Rep. Gonzalez, "have become what some neighbors believe to be a threat to safety and even life itself." Gonzalez made it clear that all of these Ford-supported extremist groups are loathed by the vast majority of Mexican-Americans. Large chunks of foundation money, in addition, have gone to a variety of black extremist groups.

5) The Ford Foundation recently granted $315,000 to the so-called National Student Association, which is actually a tightly controlled and self-perpetuating far-left pressure group of which few students are aware. The grant is supposed to be used for "training schools" where "promising students" (sic) can sharpen their skills in pressing for "curriculum reform" and in "dealing effectively with faculty and administrators."

6) For sheer open arrogance and flagrant disregard for both the spirit and the letter of the laws legitimating the existence of the foundations, nothing, so far, can match the Ford Foundation's grant of $131,000 to eight former aides of Senator Robert Kennedy. Frank Mankiewicz, who gets Ford money through the Center for Community Change, gets more Ford money through this operation: $15,692 for a study of Peace Corps operations in Latin America. Testifying before Wilbur Mills' committee, McGeorge Bundy had the effrontery to defend these grants as "educational." Actually the grants were severance pay for benignly regarded political functionaries. "Mac" Bundy has not, to my knowledge, offered Ford money to advance the "education" of any former Reagan aides.

The foundations have been able to get away with all this flagrantly political activity because of the loose wording of the relevant section of the IRS code. By disguising their partisan political activity under the umbrella categories of educational or charitable activity, the foundations can claim that, as stipulated by the code, they do not devote a "substantial" part of their resources to political activity. And of course the meaning of "substantial" is anyone's guess.

VI: *No Enemies to the Left*

As THE activist foundations become increasingly open in their operations a recognizable pattern is emerging: a) support for "respectable" left Democrats, and b) support for extremist, even revolutionary left minority-group organizations, but c) not much interest in anything to the right of, say, RFK. This pattern is so consistent that we can safely deduce the rationale behind it.

It is tempting, but I think that it is a temptation to be dismissed, to derive the pattern directly from liberal ideology. Let us put the case for ideology as strongly as possible. The foundations are dominated by the upper middle-class WASP Establishment. Too far removed now from their ancestral faith to find a sustaining righteousness in religion, these WASPs, as individuals, find righteousness and justification in the stereotyped attitudes and supposed good works of liberalism. As individuals—and the qualification is important—they find support of César Chavez and of the black militants redemptive in character: and such support costs them nothing socially. The only time they see such people is when they show up asking for money. This entire circumstance accounts, I think, for the atmosphere of emotional and cultural fatuity which pervades the WASP Establishment: which makes it, finally, so depressing and boring—but it does not account, really, for the *policies* of the foundations. The Establishment is soft, but by and large, it is not that soft.

Rather, like the nineteenth-century Calvinists who were their forebears, they have combined supposed virtue with concrete interest. This combination is blatant in all of their characteristic operations. Yes indeed, the Rockefeller Foundation is interested in education—but why is it necessary to spend ten times as much for education in Nigeria as in the half-dozen neediest American states? Clearly something is complicating the liberalism here. And it just so happens, dear reader, that Nigeria is destined to become the largest oil producing area in the world after the Middle East, and it is therefore desirable to establish an educated and stable governing elite in Nigeria. "The Rockefeller Foundation," says Wright Patman, "spent more than $1 million in Nigeria, but it could bring itself to spend only $1,000 in Kentucky." In such passages, the estimable Rep. Patman is a character out of a novel Mark Twain died just before undertaking: called *Innocents at Home*.

No, ideological sentiment is not enough to explain the political behavior of such foundations as Ford and Rockefeller.

The primary interest of large corporate wealth is social stability. Only under stable conditions can its vast and complex operations go forward smoothly. No one can suppose that such large corporate wealth, through its foundation instruments, supports black and Mexican revolutionary groups because it desires, literally, a *revolution*. No. The strategy here is recognizable as a version of the familiar "co-optation" technique as practiced, for example, by the CIA (itself very much an establishmentarian institution). In opposing Communists, the CIA technique was to support not the Right, but the non-Communist Left. The very fact of such support, when the recipient comes to count on it, gives the manager of the co-optation strategy considerable leverage over extreme Left groups which might otherwise drift into alliance with the Communists. It is a strategy of finance/influence—divide/weaken. As applied to American radicals and militants, the determining conception can be epitomized as follows: "Who cares what the militants say about gringos and Pig Cops? Who even cares if they go in for some rough stuff now and then? By accepting support, they are gradually being brought within our system. They will be accessible to subtle management, and gradually defused as revolutionaries." The "respectable" left Democrats—Mankiewicz, et al.—receive support because they are ideologically predisposed to be hospitable to these operations.

But the whole strategy has a terrible, and, indeed, a catastrophic weakness. As applied domestically, it does not operate in a political vacuum. The black revolutionaries and Mexican-American hate groups do not much bother McGeorge Bundy, ensconced within the glass walls of the ten-story Ford Foundation building on East 42nd Street in New York City. But out there in the vast social reaches of America, these operations directly threaten the interests of middle- and lower-middle class whites. The support given the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school experiment might have looked from the point

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of view of McGeorge Bundy on 42nd Street like a brilliant and even virtuous piece of co-optation, a move which, despite some initial turbulence "down there," could make for stability in the long run. But in the short run it damaged the interests of middle-class teachers, outraged the suburbs, and made Mayor Lindsay more likely to carry Cairo, Egypt than Brooklyn, New York.

Even relatively more moderate ventures have an explosive potential. The busing of students from one school to another signifies a desirable social integration to the upper- or upper-middle-class theoretician, the practitioner of "social change" at the foundation. In the actual neighborhood, it can mean narcotics in the schoolyard, violence in the halls and teacher resignations.

The uppers and upper-mids doubtless reasoned that electing the Negro Carl Stokes would defuse black anger in Cleveland; so, operating on the principle that mayors of Cleveland are elected on 42nd Street in Manhattan, they put $175,000 into a black voter registration drive. But this directly damaged the interests of other candidates and their constituencies. And just as surely, the plan to back minority-group candidates with huge amounts of money funneled through the Center for Community Change collides with the actual interests and ambitions of other candidates and of important groups within the community.

In short, it's one thing to practice co-optation in Vienna or in Montevideo: it's another in Brooklyn or Cleveland. If the foundations continue to pursue this strategy, an explosion is inevitable. The fact is that the upper-middle and upper-class governing elite is attempting to carry out a social revolution under forced draft at the expense of the middle and lower-middle classes—who, it is safe to say, won't put up with it, and don't have to.

For the entire political/social strategy of the Establishment rests on a disastrously fallacious assumption. Desiring social stability, which, they correctly estimate, is in the best interest of corporate wealth, they assume that black frustrations are a greater threat to that stability than the anger of the vast American middle-lower-middle class. Nothing could be more mistaken.

VII: *Save the Baby!*

AN ERROR SO PROFOUND raises far-reaching questions, which indeed are raised in other connections as well: such as whether the American governing class actually has the capacity to govern, and whether its grip on reality is firm enough to permit it to defend even its own interests. Setting such large questions aside, what, more narrowly, should the position of an American conservative be on the immediate problems posed by the foundations?

First of all, it is clear enough that the current procedures for obtaining tax-exempt status are grossly inadequate, and that abuses are widespread. The Internal Revenue Code is clearly in need of revision. It is when we get into the problem of the foundations' political and quasi-political activities that the issues become complex. The foundations, Wright Patman charges, have "been perverted into a vehicle for institutionalized, deliberate evasion of fiscal and moral responsibility to the nation," and he suggests that the Ford Foundation "has a grandiose design to bring vast political, economic and social change to the nation in the 1970s." As the storm gathers, the proposals for regulation multiply. Patman himself recommends a 20 per cent tax on foundations' gross income, strict limits on foundation holdings in any one company, and tightened regulations on spending. In its recommendations to Congress, which are now embodied in the recently passed tax-reform measure, the Ways and Means Committee advocated a number of changes: 1) a tax of 7.5 per cent on the investment income of foundations; 2) numerous well-designed measures to prevent foundations from being used for financial chicanery, including stricter qualifying and reporting requirements; 3) regulations designed to discourage the use of grants for personal and political pay-offs; and, crucially, 4) the imposition of a 100 per cent excise tax on foundation funds spent for partisan political purposes.

In the last instance the Committee showed considerable ingenuity. The 100 per cent tax would be levied on "any payments to carry out propaganda or otherwise attempt to influence legislation," but "not on nonpartisan analysis or research relating to legislation." Whether this distinction will stand up in practice remains to be seen.

As far as voter registration drives and the like are concerned, the Committee proposal attempts to depoliticalize them by broadening them. To avoid the 100 per cent tax, such a drive must not be "geographically restricted": it must embrace at least five states. Its

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Don't Profane the Holy City!

MAX GELTMAN

On the morning of Wednesday July 23, 1969, Gamal Abdel Nasser reiterated for the ninety-ninth time in twenty months that he regarded the cease-fire agreement between Israel and the belligerent Arab states as null and void. On the same day Eldridge Cleaver surfaced in Algiers and joined his hosts in denouncing America and Israel as enemies of mankind. In this he was echoed by Stokely Carmichael, also an honored guest at a cultural conclave in the land of Boumédienne, who topped Cleaver by declaring he had a triple mission: to create revolutionary tension in the United States; to help re-impose the Nkrumah dictatorship in Ghana; and to destroy Israel.

On that day, too, I picked up my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW (dated July 29) and read—with acute dismay—the editorial "Internationalize the Holy City." It struck me that the net result of all these statements would be the dismemberment of Israel, although the editors argued that such was not the case. Nevertheless, the editorial treats lightly the historical facts—and the meaning of words. For instance, it says that "the Jordanian sector of Jerusalem [was] seized by Israel during the 1967 war." The truth is Israel "seized" nothing as that term is understood in law, custom and morals. The facts are: Jordan *seized* Old Jerusalem in defiance of the original partition resolution establishing the state of Israel. The Jewish population was brutalized, hundreds were killed; synagogues were turned into stables, tombstones into paving blocks.

The Israelis, naïve in the ways of international hypocrisy in 1948, pledged to abide by the UN cease-fire resolution which got the Arabs off the hook they had fashioned for themselves when they combined unsuccessfully to exterminate the fledgling Jewish state. When, however, Israel found its citizens under attack in June 1967—despite public and private persuasions to King Hussein to stay out of Nasser's war—she struck back in self-defense—and in the processes of war reunited the city of Jerusalem, affirming that never again would Israel permit its citizens to be humiliated by denying them the right to any part of the Holy City, including worship at the West Wall. Further, Jerusalem has been capital of only one people on this earth—the Jews. The Arabs never in all their history laid claim to it as either holy or secular city. Today it is the capital of a reborn Hebrew state. To internationalize it, as the editorial suggests, would be to profane it since it would invite the Soviet presence into the heart of the Holy Land.

In any case, why internationalize only Jerusalem? Why not the entire Holy Land? Isn't it all "sacred" to the three religions—"Christian, Moslem and Jewish," as the editorial says? Whatever it means to others, Jerusalem has special meaning for Jews. It is the city they pray to each morning; this is the city they are pledged never to forget; this is the city they wept for by the waters of Babylon. Tear Jerusalem out of Israel and you tear out its heart. At least that is the way the Israelis feel and they are prepared to the last man to defend it, but not in another Masada. Shall we say, Perish! Shall we say, either you abide by a UN resolution—something we ask no other nation to do—or we will exterminate you? The editorial does try to enlighten us by indulging in a bit of tortured mystagogy about the "Western Enlightenment" and what makes a nation "secular" or "sacred." But this argument has little room in the real world, and no place at all in the atheist-dominated chambers of the United Nations. So we are back to the real question: How does one internationalize a city?

The editorial proposes that the United Nations do it. Now if the UN sets up a committee of "neutrals"—the editorial suggests a "religiously neutral" commission (whatever that is!)—the chances are it will be made up of men who are neutral on the matter of freedom and slavery. Chances are all such neutrals will have been screened by the "religiously neutral" representatives of Red Russia, although U Thant can be trusted to find a passel of anti-American (and anti-Israeli) neutrals from among the UN membership. Who would be the mayor of the internationalized Holy City? Chances are it would be—it would have to be—someone satisfactory to the regnant dictators in the Kremlin. To head up the distinguished Hebrew University, the commission may choose—why not?—Eldridge Cleaver; and to direct the operations of Hadassah Hospital it may choose an Albanian acupuncturist or a doctor from Zanzibar. Why not?

All this is not only possible, but almost inevitable, give or take a change of personnel here and there. It must be stressed that the UN today is largely an instrumentality which serves the interests of Soviet foreign policy. Nothing offensive to the Soviet Union can be adopted by the Security Council. Russia is not squeamish about using the veto, something it has done more than a hundred times. The United States is still inhibited on this score. So that when it came to a vote of censure, the United States abstained, leaving the vote 13-0 against Israel, thus helping to ward off a more damaging resolution which would have invoked economic and military sanctions.

The EDITORIAL ENDS with a plea to Ambassador Yost to push for internationalization of the Holy City at the UN. But Mr. Yost may not listen. There is every hope that he understands that the problem is for Palestinians to solve and by Palestinians is meant all the people on both sides of the River Jordan—Jews, Moslems, Christians, Druzes and Bedouins, the latter two among the most fiercely loyal to Israel as are the majority of Christians in many of the newly-occupied territories who, now for the first time in many years, feel some sense of security. So I, too, appeal to Mr. Yost: In the name of the peace we all desire, do not open the hornet's nest of international intrigue in the Middle East by helping to profane the Holy City by permitting entrance to the murderers of freedom in Europe—the fomenters of national hatreds—the sworn enemy of our country who is also the sworn enemy of the best friend and ally of our nation in the Mediterranean Mideast, the state of Israel. □

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THE NIXON PROGRAM

Welfarism Out of Control

HENRY HAZLITT

IN HIS TELEVISION TALK of August 8 President Nixon announced a giant step deeper into the quagmire of the welfare state.

What he proposed was the form of the guaranteed annual income known as the negative income tax, plus a couple of additional gimmicks.

He put forward this radical proposal in the language of conservatism. He said that the past third of a century had "produced a bureaucratic monstrosity" and "left us a legacy of entrenched programs." Then he proposed a plan that can only make the bureaucratic monstrosity more monstrous and create still bigger and more entrenched programs.

He talked about a welfare quagmire with increasing caseloads and escalating costs. He expressed his alarm that "in the past eight years, three million more people have been added to the welfare rolls." And then he proposed a program that would cost no less than $4 billion in the first year alone (and perhaps even $10 billion), and would more than double the number of people eligible for public assistance—from a little under ten million to more than 22 million.

What additional taxes would be necessary to pay this extra $4 billion to $10 billion was not stated. The President contented himself with the casual remark that the costs would not begin until the fiscal year 1971 "when I expect the funds to be available within the budget." So nobody need worry, even though Congress is now proposing tax *reductions* for that and later years.

Notwithstanding the tremendous differences in prevailing incomes, wage levels and living-cost levels between city and country districts, or between New York and Mississippi, a family of four with no outside income, no matter what state it lives in, would receive under the new plan a minimum federal payment of $1,600 a year. The states could supplement that amount. The same family could earn as much as $60 a month, or $720 a year, with no loss of benefits. Beyond that, aid would be reduced 50 cents for each dollar earned until the family's income reached $3,920.

There would be no "demeaning investigations." Applicants would simply make declarations of need and begin receiving payments.

The great safeguard, which is supposed to keep the nation from going into bankruptcy, is that the plan is to encourage—even force—people to work. Every recipient deemed employable would have to accept a job deemed suitable by the government or would have to undergo training.

The long-term outlook for this program is as follows:

It is likely to be enacted more or less in the form President Nixon has proposed, and perhaps it will be a little bigger. The Republicans in Congress will vote for it as a matter of party

regularity. The chief efforts of the Democrats, who represent the party of ever-bigger welfare handouts, will be devoted to trying to increase the benefits and decrease the safeguards.

No sooner will the program have been enacted, than efforts will be made to enlarge it. We need merely look at the history of unemployment insurance and of Social Security, both of which were launched in the Thirties. Both were originally enacted on the same argument as the new guaranteed-income proposal: they would make direct relief unnecessary and so displace it. But not only has direct relief multiplied steadily, despite growing prosperity, but unemployment insurance benefits have constantly grown bigger and longer, and Social Security benefits have been increased every one or two years (especially election years) and the coverage constantly widened.

So every year or two guaranteed income will grow. First of all, it will be argued that a family of four cannot be expected to live in decency and dignity on a mere $1,600 a year. This is less than half of the present quasi-official poverty-line income. So the basic subsidy will gradually be pushed up to $3,200 or $3,500 a year, which means that the top combination of earned income and government benefit will move from $3,920 a year to $8,000 or so.

Next, few people on relief will be declared to be employable. Those who are will find very few jobs that they deem "suitable." They may consent to take government-financed "training" programs, particularly if they are paid $30 a month for consenting, but many of them will merely go through the motions. In any case, the government-administered programs will fall far short of the kind of training in necessary skills provided by the old-fashioned apprentice system in private industry. Most certain of all, the whole program of trying to force people to work for their benefit payments will soon be denounced as a sort of slavery. The work requirement will soon be quietly shelved.

THE BURDEN OF TAXATION will steadily be increased to pay for the rising benefits. The attempt will be made to place the increased burden mainly on corporations and the high individual incomes. This will further erode incentives and discourage the production upon which the welfare of all of us depends. Government expenditures will continue to increase faster than the new tax revenues, bringing a return to chronic deficits, monetary inflation, and a further fall in the purchasing power of people's insurance policies,

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LETTER FROM MADRID

At San Isidro, on a certain afternoon this spring, a matador of little distinction and a bull of poor quality met, and for a few minutes restored dignity and honesty to a much abused sport

Not Only Mailer Has Problems with Bull---t!

F. REID BUCKLEY

THIS IS THE SEASON when those few locust trees that have escaped the depredations of Madrid's municipal government blossom, casting their narcotic scent over the quieter residential quarters (where residential quarters remain quiet), their browning petals to be trod under on the sidewalks by promenading Madrileños (where the mayor has spared sidewalks) and also crushed under the tires of hundreds of thousands of automobiles into a slick ooze that will bring about more than the usual incidence of skids on steep streets, and more than the usual number of demolished fenders and smashed taillights and histrionic rodomontade between drivers feeling equally aggrieved and equally the victims of fate, to be pacified by the amiable (and infinitely patient) city traffic policemen.

At this time of the year, Madrileños can be seen standing beside the wreckage of their cars in the midst of arteriosclerotic avenues, and, after the first outbursts of hispanic outrage, courteously exchanging license numbers and insurance cards in a manner and with a frequency that have come to rival the exchange of visiting cards, often flourished between total strangers when the one happens to inquire of the other the time of day. (Last spring, the cousin of a friend, following an accident, struck up an intimate acquaintanceship with his fellow victim of Madrid's phlogotic traffic, one that prospered so rapidly that nuptials have been announced between the children, bride and groom to exchange safety belts in lieu of rings.)

This is also the time of year when scores of thousands of tourists converge on Madrid to enjoy bloodier spectacles, such as bullfights; the time of San Isidro, which, after the inaugurating

festival of the *fallas* of Valencia and the flourishing of capes and muletas in the *feria* of Seville, marks the real beginning of the *corrida* season; during which, as in the past several years, Spaniards and tourists alike will be defrauded of some $30 million by impresarios and matadors who, with every year, become less concerned about the dolts who pack the stadiums and cheer clamorously at performances so disgraceful as to have become a national scandal.

Bullfights at the big plazas are more often than not exercises in cynicism. The bigger the plaza, and the more lustrous the matador, the more is this likely to be so. Last year at San Isidro I watched the great Antonio Ordóñez spread the cerise and yellow in one superb and two vulgar veronicas; to a roar of acclamation, because it is indeed a gift from the gods to witness any capework at all nowadays. And I watched him in a prefabricated *faena* with an inoffensive bull perform several competent *naturales* as well as a number of good *derechazos*, but not one of his heartstopping *redondos* and not a single pass with that intensity and passion with which he used to electrify his art; and heard the crowd clamor in exultation; and watched the thunderburst of white handkerchiefs being flapped all about me after his second entry with the sword in an undistinguished kill (but at least a kill that didn't require interminable pokings of the animal to death); and saw the president signal the amputation of two ears, Madrid's maximum reward; and even read in *ABC*'s mordant and gloomy critique next morning what a glorious performance it had been; and realized how dismally the fiesta had been corrupted, because what Ordóñez had achieved that afternoon was little more than a workmanlike performance meriting a round of applause and perhaps one circling of the arena, but oh! *how* grateful we were for mere professional competence.

There's too much money in the game. Tourists aren't entirely to blame; after all, they can't be expected to know anything about bullfighting. And tourists, although occupying the best seats, comprise a minority of the audience. The Spanish bullfight-going public is at greater fault, paying for the ennui and incompetence they are getting and ap-

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parently happy. So long as Spaniards are willing to put up with it, this cruel spectacle will continue in its decadence; and will be all the more cruel for the lack of redeeming art and drama. So long as the impresarios know that they will year after year and at increasingly exorbitant prices fill the grandstands; so long as the star matadors realize that shoddy cuts ears, the dreadful bore bullfighting has become will be perpetuated.

Decadence, Reform . . .

The symptoms of decadence are several. First, the past two years have been tragic for the number of mortalities. These tend to occur in provincial arenas; the victims tend to be *novilleros*, pushed too fast and too far in the race for the big money. It is the *novilleros* who are occasionally faced with bona fide fighting bulls; and they haven't learned enough to handle the beasts. It is the well-known matadors who get the undersized bulls and bulls with their horns shaved; and who are canny enough to simulate true *faenas* without endangering a stitch on their priceless suits of light.

The scandal of the undersized bull is this. The animal is not undersized. It is fat but too young to carry the fat. Bulls in the era of Joselito and Belmonte were frequently five and six years old: and they were *bulls*, bulls in their prime, their bulk the bulk of muscle. They were bulls that learned fast during the twenty minutes of the fight, increasing in danger. Belmonte brought in the rooted-to-the-sand style. He was physically built so that he could not dance; he had to strike a posture on his weak legs and bring the bull to him. He was tossed and gored numberless times, but he revolutionized the art. The Belmonte style became dominant. His heirs, as a matter of survival, realized that a younger bull was necessary for such close work and for full evolution and embellishment of the style. The ages of the animals dropped to about four years.

Manolete was in part responsible. He brought the mode of Belmonte to its quintessence. More and more, however, was he accused of selecting animals hardly older and bigger than *novillos*—say not even fully four years old. Impossible as it may be to fully exploit (on a day-by-day schedule) Belmonte's pelvic manner with five- and six-year-old monsters, there was a loss of drama with the less mature animals that not every matador had the interior passion to compensate for. Manolete was killed when attempting to prove that he could take on the biggest and meanest bulls about, the dreaded Miuras.

More scandals followed. Matadors fought not only small animals, but bulls whose kidneys had been hosed before entering the arena, weakening them, and the points of whose horns had been lopped (and then filed to dissemble the operation), so that when they jabbed they were as short of the mark as a boxer who suddenly loses an inch or two of his reach. This permitted what seemed to be insane closeness in the passes; it gave the illusion of incredible daring. But honest critics kept denouncing the sham; and then Antonio Bienvenida announced he was sick of the sham himself and guaranteed to fight bulls fully four years old at least and without doctored horns.

Encouraged, the authorities took action. They decreed that minimum of four years for every bull appearing at a major plaza; they decreed a weight not less than a thousand pounds; they rusted two concentric circles near the circumference of the arena, so that a picador had to invite a bull's charge from behind the outer circle and the bull was given the advantage of momentum; and they placed a T-bar on the point of the pic itself so that the lance could not be driven too deeply, a malpractice often encouraged by unscrupulous matadors.

There was an improvement towards the last of the 1950s. Bulls weighing as much as 1,300 pounds were fought. They were of an age to carry their weight; they brandished deadly horns. But this renaissance of integrity came about when tourists were discovering Spain and when an economic boom was bringing into the arenas a new middle class to whom bullfights were symbols of social status. It is the same mixture that has so grievously hurt the partridge shooting here; it is cognate to what has contributed to the corruption of American theater: Newly affluent Middlewesterners flock to New York, pay through the nose for tickets; and by gum the play has to be applauded, no matter how vulgar or banal, else they have to admit they've been had, suckered by the slickers. Whereas in Madrid ten years ago an ear was *never* awarded unless the matador topped his *faena* by a kill on the first attempt, today two ears may be granted following a couple of clumsy thrusts. The public demands it. The public paid good money; and spectators want to return to Milwaukee or Caceres able to say that they were present at a six-ear fight in the great festival of Madrid.

As Communists might put it, we are in an era of personalities. Certain matadors appearing on the program guarantee sell-outs. Bulls are force-fed into regulation weight. They are impressive as they first thunder out of the *toril*; any how to an audience that has no idea what a mature fighting bull looks like. Within minutes the animals are stumbling over their feet and falling pathetically and ludicrously. Few are able to take the standard three goes at the lance of the picador. They arrive at the *faena* winded into impotence, and so weak they are scarcely able to support the weight of their heads. Until recently, the public raised no outcry. Not unnaturally, contempt for the public grew in bullfighters and promoters alike. Soon the doctoring of horns was reintroduced. The beasts have been rendered as inoffensive as possible.

. . . and Decline

This was dramatized at the great scandal of the 1968 San Isidro festival. El Cordobés went through his standard travesty to the standard delirium of the crowd. At one point in his *faena*, he placed a hand on the tip of one of the stupefied beast's horns, gazing up at spectators tumultuous in their acclamations. Then he stalked off to fetch the killing sword. But, lo and behold, an unprecedented thing happened. A fellow dressed in a dark business suit vaulted from the *callejón* into the arena and ran to the bull. This was not an *espontáneo*. The crowd almost at once recognized Miguelín, no great shakes as a fighter himself but, for reasons unimportant here, at odds with El Cordobés. He reached the bull and slung an arm around it in an embrace. He now stared up at the crowd while the poor animal stood motionless. He manifested before twenty thousand spectators that this was no bull at all, no *fighting* bull, but a mockery of the *toro bravo* brought to slaughter in its adolescence; about as dangerous as a puppy

That blew the lid off. Factions formed. Many deemed Miguelín's action an outrage; and he was promptly

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fined by the authorities and banned from the San Isidro festival. He had, however, ripped the cloak off the fraud. The one absolute essential to the fiesta is the bull: without a *bull*, the most artful passes are meretricious and there can be none of the dramatic passion—the duel to the death between beast and man, between murderous ferocity and skilful art—that extenuates (although never excuses) the fundamentally cruel barbarism of the spectacle. Such rigorous critics as Antonio Díaz-Cañabate took new heart. In a major article for one of *ABC*'s Sunday supplements, he exposed with graphic photographs how bulls are degraded by the files of blacksmiths. The vested interests—matadors and promotors—countered that out of 6,012 bulls killed last year, no more than forty-odd had had their points lopped. This was a damning admission: forty is forty too many, and the proper inference was that top matadors with money and prestige sufficient to suborn bullbreeders and impresarios had conspired with them in this and other inexcusable practices, compromising the integrity of the whole fiesta At the *feria* of Seville this spring, the civil governor, José Utrera Molina, became a hero overnight by canceling a fight because he deemed the bulls unworthy. And then *ABC* pushed its commendable campaign against corruption through a symposium published in its Sunday supplement of May 11, on the eve of San Isidro, in which such as Díaz-Cañabate and Marcial Lalanda, one of the outstanding matadors of the 1930s, familiar to Americans from *Death in the Afternoon*, inveighed against fraud in the ring, agreeing that everyone is to blame: an uneducated and unexigent public, money-hungry bullfighters and promoters who don't give a nickel for integrity when the public doesn't seem to care, bullbreeders who permit themselves to be coerced by the matadors and impresarios, unprincipled critics who accept pay for lauding the disgraceful, and, most of all, the authorities, who, unlike the courageous Utrera, simply do not enforce the regulations.

El Viti, Matador

Well, it's probably too late this year for the groundswell to redeem a season that has started so badly. The first six fights of San Isidro have been a disaster. The eighth, ninth and tenth (I write on the morning of the eleventh) have been as horrible and as boring, with weak, undersized animals being butchered by somnambulists who are hard put to keep from yawning at their own performances. I was determined to waste not a peseta on the festival. Then, Friday last, on the morning of the seventh fight, my good friend "Teddy" (Eduardo) Vicuña telephoned. "Reid, I have that luscious little nibble of mazapán on my hands, Helena Ronee. What say we take her to the fight?" Helena is an Israeli starlet, who would change Arab attitudes at once were they to come to know her: a darling, sweet, and very, very pretty twenty-year-old. All right, so we put up with the bore of an ersatz *corrida* for the pleasure of Teddy's company and the visual feast of Helena's attractions.

Taking his doctorate that afternoon was Juan Antonio Macareno. A valiant, attractive boy, he is one of those *novilleros* pushed too fast. He did what he could with the first and sixth animals, but, good gracious! these were *bulls*, not fattened calves. They weren't great bulls, but they were decent. The second of the lot, Santanero, weighing 1,200 pounds, fell to Paco Camino, Number One among matadors today. His work with the cape was well below the dream beauty he is able to bring to it, but at least we saw a few veronicas. His *faena* was workmanlike. There was even a smidgen of emotion to his *naturales*. The crowd was unbelieving. And then, at the kill, he took the bull *recibiendo*: that is, permitted the animal to impale itself on the sword instead of thrusting the sword, with a lunge, into the animal. This is the most difficult and dangerous manner of killing. The first attempt failed: but the spectators, awed by the departure from routine, roared their approval. Encouraged, Camino lined himself up again, and once more cited the bull to him for impalement, this time successfully. People were delirious: a blizzard of handkerchiefs. And Camino cut two ears, of which he earned one and a half.

He was followed by El Viti, a fighter renowned for his probity but somehow cold. He did well. He received one ear, deserving no more than a walk about the arena: but, what the hell, nowadays if a man tries we are all grateful. Camino took the fourth bull, and this one really was a *toro bravo*, an animal that bowled over the pica-

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Ulster — Still on the Brink

T. E. UTLEY

At the moment of writing (August 22) a precarious peace still prevails in Ulster. It is due less to the presence of six thousand British troops, hanging about good-naturedly at the still-standing barricades, than to the calculatedly evasive agreement reached on August 19 by Harold Wilson and James Chichester-Clark, Northern Ireland's Prime Minister. That agreement bore all the now familiar marks of a brilliant Wilsonian intervention. It was highly dramatic, being launched with every histrionic aid which the media can provide, and it was also open to at least half a dozen interpretations.

Within minutes, it had served what is probably the object nearest to the British Prime Minister's heart in this situation, by evoking paeans of praise from sections of the British and Irish Left, who confidently asserted, with the encouragement of BBC commentators, that it represented the end of Ulster's semi-independent status, a slap in the face to the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the final humiliation, and indeed extinction, of the B Specials, the volunteer police force long accused of being the chief instrument of Protestant tyranny in the province. It could not have been better, so the Left at first thought, had it been drafted by little Miss Devlin herself.

Within hours, Major Chichester-Clark had carried this agreement to the back benchers of the Ulster Unionist Party and succeeded in convincing his supporters that the Downing Street agreement was a positive reaffirmation of the unique status of his government. If the control of the Ulster police forces was to be temporarily transferred to the British GOC (General Officer Commanding) in Ulster, this was merely an expedient measure and one which had been suggested from Stormont not Whitehall. If two British civil servants (triumphantly described by the BBC as "watchdogs") were to be stationed respectively in Major Chichester-Clark's office and that of his colleague Mr. Robert Porter, the Minister for Home Affairs, this was merely a gesture of reciprocal courtesy for the fact that a liaison officer from Stormont had always been stationed in Whitehall, though no one has yet described him as a watchdog. All that had been agreed about the B Specials was that they should be transferred from riot control to the defense of military and civil installations against IRA attacks, the purpose for which the force was always intended, and to which the Ulster government itself would have confined it but for the extreme emergency which arose in Belfast before the British troops were dispatched.

Which interpretation of the Wilson master-gesture is correct? The question is naïve, since it presumes that the British Prime Minister himself knows the answer. Government by ambiguity is his métier.

At least a few days' or a few weeks' peace has been bought. Then, the salient fact will emerge that all the essentials of the Ulster crisis remain precisely what they were.

Those essentials can be briefly summarized: here is a political community which is, in no other sense, a full community at all. For fifty years, the Protestant majority in Ulster has thought of its political institutions as primarily designed to protect it against absorption in a united Irish Catholic Republic. For most of the time, until the advent of Captain O'Neill, successive Ulster governments have treated their Catholic subjects at the very least as potential rebels, and have sought to manage the political arrangements of Ulster in such a way as to prevent any important increase in Catholic influence.

For this attitude, let it be admitted, there have been manifold justifications. The Catholic minority has never recognized the legitimacy of the Ulster state, and the more turbulent sections of the Catholic population have had continual succor from the illegal Irish Republican Army beyond the border.

The only possible hope for a peaceful outcome has always been the emergence in the Ulster Unionist Party of a liberalizing movement, of men who could reconcile their supporters to the justice and expediency of trying to win Catholic loyalty by establishing full civil equality. It is precisely such a liberal movement which is today in charge of the Unionist Party in Ulster. The reforms conceived by Captain O'Neill have not merely been maintained but actually accelerated by his successor, a fact which even the British government is now driven to admit.

Why, then, is Ulster again on the brink of disaster? The materials of bitter religious strife are, in the nature of the case, always present. In the last year, however, they have been deliberately and systematically fomented by revolutionary elements which are not within the Irish tradition. The more extreme sectors of the civil rights movement—disciples of the Irish Marxist James Connolly, and representatives of the various brands of international student militancy—have one immediate aim, the destruction of Ulster's special status. Currently, they see the extension of Westminster's control as the way to this end, but beyond it they look for a united Irish socialist state and beyond that to still larger objectives of revolutionary utopianism. By playing on traditional religious animosities, by prompting extreme Protestant reprisals, they have already gone far towards causing anarchy, which many of them explicitly regard as a necessary phase in the revolutionary campaign. The liberalizing policies of the Unionist Party, which aim at Catholic and Protestant reconciliation are naturally seen as more formidable enemies of the revolution even than Paisleyite extremism.

The last thing which Mr. Wilson and Mr. Callaghan intend is to add to their burdens the responsibility for governing Ulster directly. They can avoid it only by strengthening the hands of those in authority at Stormont, men who are already irrevocably embarked on liberalizing policies. Whether the British government takes that course, however, depends on whether placating the Irish lobby of the British Labor Party proves to be more or less important to the Prime Minister than preventing the dissolution of the United Kingdom. □

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GOING TO THE FAIR

Upon a Time in Woodstock

PHILIP P. ARDERY JR.

NO STARS THAT NIGHT over our outdoor city, and we, a half million of us, sat fitfully up in our amphitheater turned bog, hearing singers and guitars below but not really listening. Behind the stage, across a country road, a field stretched out, the fence around it laced with a string of red Christmas tree bulbs—our own, private constellation. The lights, blurred by rain, glowed eerily and took our attention, because sound was there too, a whipping whine, much louder than the music. A spotlight shot its bright cone earthward, a visible sign of something hovering, blowing up wet grass, and then, finally, touching ground. Many in our city—who knows why?—suddenly broke into applause.

One young man, half-high on marijuana, offered a stoned reading of the scene: "You see, the Martians announced they would pay earth a visit, and all these people came out to greet them, and some bands got together to play a few songs of welcome." Far. Out. But then the scene, like other scenes during those three days, invited wild interpretations. The Woodstock Music and Art Fair fit no one's expectations, and we groped to give it form and purpose—and continued groping until the end.

True, the focus, the central interest of the weekend was not this landing on the helipad. But then—and this created our confusion—neither was it the music, the single attraction that had lured one of every seventy Americans from fifteen to 25 to an isolated New York farm. So many came to listen that we overwhelmed the performers, however well some of them played. Our cars, our tents and ourselves improvised a city, twenty-second largest in the United States, and the fact of this city, its weather, its privations, its confusion and its civility, dominated our senses. We shared a formless experience, one we had not prepared for, and it gratified immensely.

There are, really, only three groups of people who disapproved our pleasure. First, and justifiably, the farmers and townspeople of upstate New York, who did not engineer their own inconvenience. Our improvised city, without enough land, shelter, food, warmth or sanitation to sustain itself, took over their roads, parked its cars on their lawns, pitched its tents in their fields, rustled their crops, stole their fenceposts for firewood, used their creeks as garbage dumps and latrines. We wronged them. Eight thousand of us hung around on Monday to clean up, make amends.

The Left, too, hated the Fair, what it was supposed to be and what it actually was. The idea of holding it was an affront, a fantastic wager that the revolution of youth is far less political than cultural. Eight, maybe ten thousand people swept into Chicago last summer to see Hubert Humphrey and Richard Daley. Nowhere, New York, offered Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, and the promoters needed 200,000 customers to break even on their investment. When the bet paid off too handsomely (our overlarge crowd broke

down the gates, the ushers never sold or collected tickets, the promoters lost more than $1 million), and, swelled to city size, we transformed ourselves from an audience for music into participants in a muddy void, we filled that void not with rebellion and angry talk but with drugs and quiet friendship. Our uninvolvement, our frivolity maddened the Left. We did not even collect pennies for SANE.

Some locals, the Left—and then many ordinary Americans disliked us too. Our city's drugs were illegal. Its citizens unkempt. And, worst of all, the city was a mob, the nemesis of all purposeful men, all believers in American individualism. But it was not planned that way. Most of us by far had come for music, to enjoy a one-to-one relationship with the stage, not to be lost in a muddy commune. Else why would we have chosen Woodstock? There have been other festivals this summer, and hundreds of "be-ins," but none drew close to our half million. None offered so many fine musicians.

We became a mob, but only because our extreme disorientation, our fear of being trapped there, the pleas to share, be cool, *it's the only way to make it*, forced a collective consciousness upon us. What made us a mob made us good, too, because our fears and needs pushed the limits of togetherness beyond our city of peers, to the gracious and generous police and townspeople. The worst of us learned that cops and rednecks are more angel than pig.

OUR CITY DEPENDED on them, and they on us. We behaved well so that the squares could help us survive. Doctors healed wounds, treated illnesses, smoothed out rough "trips." Police helicopters flew in our food, flew out our sick. Farmers shared their produce. And the promoters, after having made the one gigantic mistake of conceiving the idea of Woodstock, spared no expense to make us less uncomfortable, even when they knew we had robbed them of their profit.

The few very hip ones among us came away from it all positively glowing. Had not the rest of us failed to find purpose in being there, had not we simply existed communally, and yet en-

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66 CENTS A DAY

Let Them Eat Squid

PATRICIA COYNE

NOW THAT the season for champagne parties for grape workers has passed, the new thing is the welfare diet. On Monday, July 21, a group of prominent New Yorkers, among them Howard Samuels, the upstate millionaire eccentric, went on such a diet, allowing themselves 66 cents per day to buy food.

The fad began a month before in Washington, when Senators Frank Church, George McGovern and Walter Mondale first tried it out. According to Carl Rowan, the Senators proved that "hunger is hell." Indeed. But they also proved that they possess little knowledge of how to buy, prepare and budget for food. They ate peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and drank Kool-Aid, and pudgy Frank Church insists that his wife had to serve hot dogs two nights in a row.

Now a figure of around 66 cents does sound frightful. But for a family of five is comes out to $23.10 per week or $92.40 per month, sums which sound a bit more reasonable. This doesn't allow for prime ribs or little prepared packages of rice *au gratin*, of course—but neither does it spell hunger.

Actually, a family of five can manage quite nicely on $92 per month if the wife knows how to shop and cook. Thousands of families of married students, for instance, are doing it all over the country. For one thing, they buy powdered skimmed milk rather than whole milk or Kool-Aid. It costs ten cents a quart, as opposed to five for Kool-Aid, but the added food value makes up for the extra nickel. And if Senator Church eats hot dogs two days in a row it is as much due to Mrs. Church's lack of imagination as to her lack of grocery money. On the second day, for instance, she could have bought hamburger—30 cents for half a pound if she'd shopped around. Into this she could have a) crushed a bouillon cube to make it taste like ground chuck, b) mixed it with bread crumbs, an egg, a bit of ketchup, freshly chopped parsley and garlic, and seasoning, c) rolled it all into balls and browned, then simmered them in a sauce flavored with half a can of mushroom soup and a dollop of sour cream. And if, on the side, she had served freshly baked biscuits, the Senator would have had nothing at all to complain of. The cost would have been just about the same as the cost of his hot dog supper (probably less), and there would have been a few meatballs and biscuits left over for his publicized lunch in what Carl Rowan calls "the plush Senate dining room." And even had he insisted on those peanut butter and jelly sandwiches which he dramatically pulled out of a bag, they would have been both tastier and much less expensive had Mrs. Church baked her own bread.

Mrs. Church might well complain, of course, that she hasn't the time to be baking bread and chopping garlic and parsley. But the welfare wife certainly does. She is free from the necessity of attending teas and cocktail parties, and her husband, considerably less busy, one presumes, than a senator, should be able to entertain the kiddies while she bakes the bread.

Others of the faddists tried, upon the recommendation of at least one welfare worker, such things as ham-hocks and neck bones (soul food, baby). They'd do better to follow Mrs. Church's example and cook hot dogs. Ham-hocks and neck bones are at least 80 per cent fat. And not only that, it takes an extremely talented cook to make them palatable. There are much better buys available for the same money. Kidneys, for instance, cost the same and many people consider them a delicacy (and there's no bone at all). Or, for a few cents more, one can buy liver, and even pork liver tastes better than ham-hocks. And it's pure meat, packed with enough energy to send Daddy dancing down to the employment office.

No one, of course, just handed 66 cents and told to go out and get a square meal, will do so. But a welfare family receives a weekly check and is thus able to plan and budget. With some common sense and with a knowledge of how to cook and shop they will be neither underfed nor undernourished, for there is plenty of good cheap food available. Lentils, for instance, cost 13 cents a package, and a package serves ten people. They are rich in protein and iron, and when made into a stew with vegetables and a ham bone they can feed a family of five for the better part of a week. Beans, not bought in cans but made from scratch with salt pork and molasses, sustained New Englanders for decades. With food like this on the daily menu, there is plenty left out of that 66 cents for an occasional good roast.

And even a taste for delicacies can be satisfied inexpensively. Squid, for instance, sells for about 30 cents a pound, and when prepared properly—cleaned and skinned, then deep fried, for instance, or stuffed and baked, or breaded and broiled—tastes remarkably like abalone, which sells in San Francisco sea-food specialty shops for better than two dollars per pound. Smelts, small sweet fish, sell for 49 cents per pound, and a tuna fish casserole can be jazzed up to taste like a gourmet treat. Beef hearts are also both delicious and cheap, as are, say, omelettes made with chopped-up meat leftovers and zucchini squash.

MARRIED STUDENTS, many of whom live on a total budget of less than $300 per month for six or seven years, eat this way. The average European no doubt feeds his family this way. Our grandfathers and many of our fathers fed their families this way. Is it really too much, then, to expect the welfare family to do the same? Are expensive cuts of meat and fancy prepared foods a modern American birthright? Need we really provide the welfare family with an Armour-Gold-Star-marinated-wine-sauce-canned ham in every pot? And are we obliged to keep their children in chocolate-covered Hostess Ding Dongs?

If the welfare family is given enough money to feed itself decently—and $92 *can* feed a family decently—then surely the taxpayer is doing as much as he should reasonably be expected to do. And so, when Senator McGovern next pulls out his peanut butter and jelly sandwich, or Senator Church complains about hot dogs, let's send them squid. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

LIBERTARIANISM OR LIBERTINISM?

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

The development of contemporary American conservatism has been marked, on the theoretical level, by a continuing tension between a traditionalist emphasis and a libertarian emphasis. Over the years I have argued that these positions are in fact not incompatible opposites, but complementary poles of a tension and balance which, both in theory and practice, define American conservatism as it has come into being at midcentury. If anything, I have stressed the libertarian emphasis because I have felt that unmodified traditionalism, stressing virtue and order in disregard of the ontological and social status of the freedom of the individual person, tended dangerously towards an authoritarianism wrong in itself and alien to the spirit of American conservatism.

Recently, however, there have been ominous signs that the danger of a disbalance just as alien to conservatism is arising not from traditionalist quarters, but from an untrammeled libertarianism, which tends as directly to anarchy and nihilism as unchecked traditionalism tends to authoritarianism. This libertarianism can be seen at its most extreme in such dropouts from the Right as Murray Rothbard and Karl Hess and their handful of followers. While their position has become indistinguishable from that of the SDS, there are increasing signs of a more widespread, if more moderate, development in this direction, primarily among the young, but by no means restricted to them. The essential rationale of this position is so far removed from the rationale of libertarian conservatism, and so completely ignores the proper foundations of liberty in the actual circumstances of the human condition, that, like the position of the anarchist wing of the SDS, its proper denomination is not libertarianism but libertinism.

A true libertarianism is derived from metaphysical roots in the very constitution of being, and places its defense of freedom as a political end in the context of moral responsibility for the pursuit of virtue and the underlying social necessity for the preservation of order. The libertine impulse that masquerades as libertarianism, on the other hand, disregards all moral responsibility, ranges itself against the minimum needs of social order, and raises the freedom of the individual person (regarded as the unbridled expression of every desire, intellectual or emotional) to the status of an absolute end.

Libertine ideologues

The underlying issue between conservative libertarianism and libertine libertarianism is at bottom a totally opposed view of the nature and destiny of men. The libertines—like those other products of the modern world, ritualistic liberals, socialists, Communists, fascists—are ideologues first and last. That is, they reject reality as it has been studied, grasped, understood and acted upon in five thousand years or so of civilized history, and pose an abstract construction as the basis of action. They would replace God's creation of this multifarious, complex world in which we live, and substitute for it their own creation, simple, neat and inhuman—as inhuman as the blueprints of the bulldozing engineer.

The place of freedom in the spiritual economy of men is a high one indeed, but it is specific and not absolute. By its very nature, it cannot be an end of men's existence. Its meaning is essentially freedom from coercion, but that, important as it is, cannot be an end. It is empty of goal or norm. Its function is to relieve men of external coercion so that they may freely seek their good.

It is for this reason that libertarian conservatives champion freedom as the end of the *political* order: politics, which is, at its core, the disposition of force in society, will, if not directed towards this end, create massive distortions and obstacles in men's search for their good. But that said, an equally important question remains. Free, how are men to use their freedom? The libertine answers that they should do what they want. Sometimes, in the line of the philosophers of the French revolution, he arbitrarily posits the universal benevolence of human beings. He presumes that if everyone does whatever he wants, everything will be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But whether so optimistically qualified or not, his answer ignores the hard facts of history. For it is only in civilization that men have begun to rise towards their potentiality; and civilization is a fragile growth, constantly menaced by the dark forces that suck man back towards his brutal beginnings.

Reason and Tradition

The essence of civilization, however, is tradition; no single generation of men can of itself discover the proper ends of human existence. At its best, as understood by contemporary American conservatism, the traditionalist view accepts political freedom, accepts the role of reason and innovation and criticism; but it insists, if civilization is to be preserved, that reason operate within tradition and that political freedom is only effectively achieved when the bulwarks of civilizational order are preserved.

Libertine libertarianism would shatter those bulwarks. In its opposition to the maintenance of defenses against Communism, its puerile sympathy with the rampaging mobs of campus and ghetto, its contempt for the humdrum wisdom of the great producing majority, it is directed towards the destruction of the civilizational order which is the only real foundation in a real world for the freedom it espouses. The first victim of the mobs let loose by the weakening of civilizational restraint will be, as it has always been, freedom — for anyone, anywhere. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

OH FOOD WHERE IS THY STING

IT CERTAINLY beats me why people buy so many new cookbooks when they could cook just as well from the ones they have. I guess it is for the same reasons that make people go in for Zen, when they could perfectly well become spiritual by taking their Christian backgrounds seriously. What it comes down to is that we want a kick in the behind, a painless one, one that does the work of becoming a better cook or a nobler mind for us so that we don't have to make the effort for ourselves.

I am all for kicks that make life in the kitchen more interesting, including a little nip here and there, the way French and Irish cooks cheer themselves. But what is the matter with us that we can't get out of the kitchen doldrums, that the chasm between our higher culinary aspirations and our daily cooking remains so wide? Here we sink into one level of cooking, and stay there, come hell or new cookbooks. Whether it is a filet mignon or frozen fish stick level, it is as deadly in the long run as a voice with no inflections and one tone only. Yet cooks pride themselves on this steadiness, just as if they were trains that have to keep to a track, rather than free-wheeling jeeps.

It's obvious that we suffer from sloth, from minds that contain no more than five dishes and from a mental block about food. Our sloth gets hidden behind such excuses that the loved ones don't want to eat something different from what they've always eaten, patent tommyrot considering that the loved ones, depending on their age and money, either frequent restaurants whenever the expense account allows or throw table tantrums, refusing to eat. Our poor little minds simply can't retain the fact that there *is* something besides hamburger, steaks and frozen peas, and no harder to rustle up than these. Store cupboards and refrigerators bulge with possibilities, but bloom unseen. The mental block about food is probably the worst, since it is very hard to rid oneself of all the old wives' tales about what is right or wrong eating. Take the sacred three meals a day, when doctors have said over and over again that a larger number of small meals is much more healthful and makes one much less fat. Then there is the breakfast myth. Why bacon and eggs and cereal when somebody may like curried shrimps or lentil soup so much better? Why can't it be recognized that many children (as my own) loathe eating in the morning as much as many adults? Why not let them have a glass of milk, or a piece of salami, canned ravioli or cookies? They can eat all the things they should have later in the day. What about the size of a meal? It's mental too. A man may not feel like a roast beef dinner, preferring to gorge on frankfurters and beans. He'll say the first is too much, when in fact, it is no more than the second. The standard of meals, too, is a pain in the neck. Why must meals always be good, or superb, or well-balanced? Many times we are simply not up to them, just as we are not up to dressing charmingly, elegantly or even neatly.

And what is all that nonsense about family meals promoting family feelings of love and togetherness? Most of them do quite the contrary when they are constantly enforced. First of all, most of the time children and parents just want to eat and get it over with. Second, family meals with small children and their beastly table manners are hell, whereas older children, as I said, want to get out as fast as they can. I admit that, for a family, it is more practical to cook all the food at one time, but why, when the atmosphere is thick as it frequently is in family life, why not let the members eat separately or read during the meal? From experience I know that it is so much better not to irritate the loved ones with unimportant rules. Then you have a bargaining point when it comes to important things, e.g., dating, cars and drinking.

Part of all the trouble that makes for the boredom of our daily cooking is that we think far too much about food—but in a wooly, guilty and last-minute way. It is a poor approach, like crossing a river on whatever ice floes we can find. Some rivers may be full of them, just as some minds are full of good recipes at the time they need and want them, but most rivers and minds are sparsely furnished. And since we do aspire to improve our kitchen habits, witness the stream of cookbooks and all the cut-out recipes, I think that the only way to do this is to apply the principle that lies behind diving into water. You plan beforehand how you are going to do it, because once you've jumped you've got to follow your course or you'll come to grief.

IN COOKING, this comes to an all-over planning session, once a week, or a fortnight, or a month, depending on temperament and kitchen facilities. The thing to do is to sit down in peace and quiet, a cup of coffee or a drink at hand, with all the cookbooks, and all the clipped recipes, and all the expressed desires of the loved ones, around oneself. Peruse, study, weigh, and then write down what you would like to cook and they would like to eat. But give yourself leeway, making meals reasonably interchangeable so that people don't have to eat just that one dish when they don't feel like it; this is especially important in summer.

Then, prepare and cook as many things at one time as you possibly can; an enormous number of dishes can be kept in a simple refrigerator when a freezer is not there, and they can be combined or tarted up in many different ways at mealtime. Furthermore, the cook, in order to avoid feeling, looking and acting like a tired saint, should allow herself plenty of time for her own pet projects. In all of us who cook all the time there is a yearning for the

(Continues on page 921)

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Road Map to the Future

The Emerging Republican Majority
By Kevin P. Phillips
Arlington House, $7.95

M. STANTON EVANS

Were my experience in these matters somewhat wider, I would start by saying Kevin Phillips has written the most important political book in the generation. As it is, I shall try a more modest beginning. He has written, quite simply, the best such book that I have ever read. If our politicians have their wits about them, it should rapidly become a landmark of political analysis.

Phillips' work is doubly remarkable, as noteworthy for its massive documentation as for its revolutionary message. Alongside its rows of census data, its array of ethnic, religious and economic fact, its charts and maps and recurring syntheses of all these ingredients, the work of the conventional soothsayers looks somehow thin and unsubstantial. Even more to the point, perhaps, the existing wisdom seems by comparison hopelessly out of date. On Phillips' showing, the old assumptions are no longer valid; new ones must take their place.

The Emerging Republican Majority argues, in a nutshell, that the liberal era in America is over, that political power is slipping from the grasp of an enfeebled Eastern establishment and its ideological allies. Taking its place as the leading factor in our politics is a new constellation of voting groups, whose sympathies are moving to the right and whose seats of power are the "heartland" of Midwest and Plains, the South, the Border and the West. The strength of this coalition is seen most clearly in the shift of population westward and the enormous enlargement of the suburbs, although it is becoming evident in certain areas of the major industrial cities as well.

PHILLIPS VIEWS the 1968 election, in which 57 per cent of the total vote was cast for either Richard Nixon or George Wallace, as a breakthrough for this new political impulse—"the end of the New Deal Democratic hegemony and the beginning of a new era in American politics." The new era, he says, will be conservative and thus in all likelihood Republican. (In this respect, it might be added, the author is something more than an academic authority, having helped compile the data on which the successful Nixon campaign was based. His expertise is neither cloistered nor simply retrospective.)

Support for Nixon and Wallace, Phillips shows, came from a broad alliance of blue-collar-to-upper-middle-class voters who want a slowdown of government spending, taxes, controls, social experimentation and welfare schemes, and who think the authorities should pay more attention to the task of maintaining the peace against outbreaks of violence. They resent and will vote against the manipulative state. Opposing them are the well-to-do establishmentarian elite and the very poor—in essence, the manipulators and those who are being most systematically manipulated.

Since the middle class is booming, all the signs suggest continued increase in the ballot strength of those who want the manipulations to stop. To align itself with this rising force, Phillips argues, the Republican Party should hew to a position of responsible conservatism and prevent outflanking maneuvers to its right. The Wallace vote of '68 was, the author asserts, a transitional phenomenon, consisting chiefly of disgruntled Southern, Border and urban Democrats leaving their traditional party. Their natural future home is in a conservative GOP.

Phillips sees recent political trends as a vast swapping of ideological positions —the former "Yankee" stalwarts of the Republican Party moving toward the Democrats, more recent immigrant groups and other elements who formed the bulwark of the Democratic Party going in the opposite direction. Most important, population blocs whose voting habits were determined for a century by the allegiances of the Civil War are now breaking out of this antiquated pattern and forming new loyalties. Phillips suggests the 1964 Goldwater campaign was decisive in this transposition of factors, and that last year's Nixon victory completed the work Goldwater had begun.

Desertion of the GOP by various upper-class voters in well-to-do Eastern communities was viewed as a major calamity for the party when it occurred. But Phillips contends this step was necessary if the party was to open itself up to the burgeoning energies of the South, the West and the middle-class suburbs. He believes the elections of 1966 and 1968 in large measure accomplished this, and that the GOP is now well on its way toward becoming the accepted spokesman for the rising conservative majority.

IN THE COURSE of this demonstration, Phillips annihilates the liberal argument that "urbanization" requires a leftward policy for the Republican Party. He shows that the central city vote in the liberal areas has fallen drastically in the last three Presidential elections, while the suburban vote has moved consistently upward. He cites figures from the National Commission on Urban Problems, which indicate that by 1985 the suburban population will be almost twice as large as the central city population (112.5 million to 65.5 million). Moreover, he notes, many groups within the central cities—such as the Irish- and Italian-Americans—have turned increasingly to the right.

For liberals who admit the suburban thrust but argue that the suburbs themselves are somehow congenial to the

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Left (an argument brought forward from time to time by the Ripon Society), Phillips has some equally crushing figures at the ready. In an extensive comparison of the data, he shows that suburban liberalism in a smattering of "silk-stocking" areas, principally in the East, has been "dwarfed by the conservative trend of the vast new tracts of middle-class suburbia." The bulk of the suburban population is conservative and is likely to get more so.

These few lines can only suggest the major themes of the Phillips book, which is a vast mosaic of information on almost every aspect of our politics. Suffice it to say the volume should be read by anyone who is interested in the American electoral process and wants a glimpse of the political terrain that lies ahead. □

The Treaty Trap
By Laurence W. Beilenson
Public Affairs Press, $7

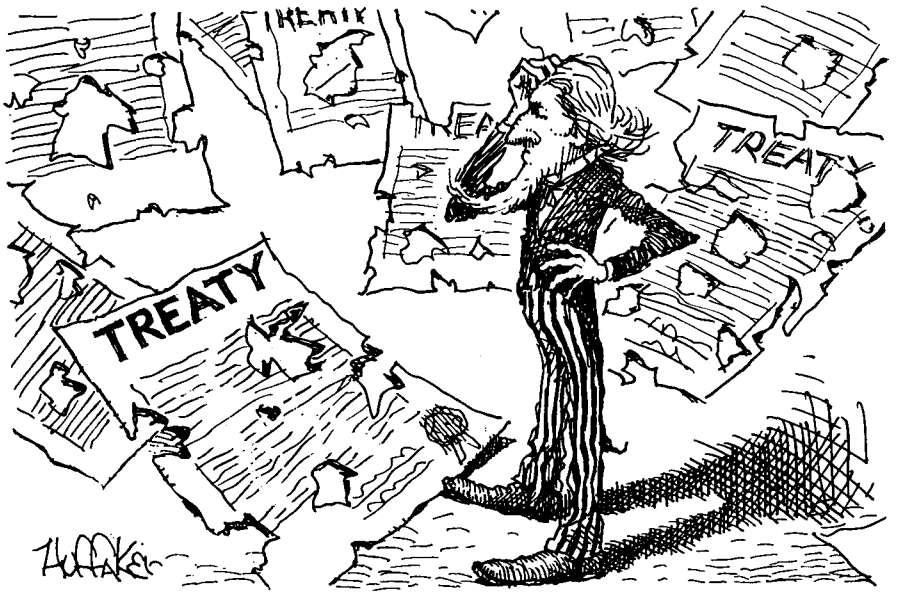
TREATY-RELIANCE SYNDROME

STEFAN T. POSSONY

Like any other informed Washingtonian, Mr. Nixon probably knows two elementary facts: 1) To secure the United States against nuclear blackmail or attack, we need "sufficient superiority" in the quality and quantity of our strategic weapons. 2) To avoid catastrophe in Asia, the Hanoi dictatorship must be so disabled that it cannot continue aggression.

The country is in one of its escapist periods, however, and American adults believe in treaty-magic more firmly than American children believe in the stork. Ritualistic chants for a negotiated peace to change an undefeated and unreconciled enemy into a lasting friend are ringing through the country, and the President has consequently avoided embarking upon a really effective strategy. The survival interests of the United States require that the treaty myth be destroyed.

It is shocking to discover that Laurence W. Beilenson is the first person who has ever investigated the performance and utility of political treaties. He has examined 981 United States and European treaties concluded between



1661 and 1965, including open and secret pacts of alliance and collective security, disarmament and antisubversion agreements; determined how often they were broken by one or more of the signatories; and evaluated the consequences of the breaches in relation to each treaty's objectives. Original sources are meticulously cited in the thorough work on these nearly one thousand treaties, and the evidence on each breach is carefully documented—a truly heroic bibliographical achievement.

THE CONCLUSION from this operations analysis is simple and terrifying: treaties are utterly unreliable. There has been "universal regularity of breaches in every age by nations with all forms of government, embracing the entire spectrum of ideologies, and led by statesmen of widely varying characters. . . . Because in all human experience there have been deviations from the norm, it is inaccurate to say 'always,' but the norm of observance of political treaties has been breach." To put the author's basic finding in my own words: the chances that a promissory treaty will be observed as intended, and will not prove to be a snare, are somewhere between 1:100 and 1:1000.

Mr. Beilenson's work could have included an additional chapter showing how the United States, a self-styled champion of international law, again, again and again has acquiesced in breaches of treaties to which it has "solemnly" appended its signature; for example, the UN Charter. Treaties should be regarded as an exceptional, not as a regular tool of foreign policy. Yet there is an amazing tendency, almost a compulsive obsession, to rely on treaties. "Treaty reliance . . . can be classified as an occupational disease of a statesman."

I happen to be writing at this moment from Asia, where people are more worried than in the self-pitying, neo-isolationist United States, and I want to supplement the record Mr. Beilenson has presented. France concluded two treaties bearing on Vietnam and offered one advantageous peace settlement to Ho Chi Minh. In 1954, Ho abused French "goodwill" by using the opening of the Geneva conference as a cover for the battle of Dienbienphu and the invasion of Laos. Subsequently, the Geneva agreements were systematically violated by Hanoi, Peking and Moscow, all parties to the instrument. Peking and Moscow were supposed to guarantee the arrangement; actually, they have been supporting Ho's breaches of the peace since 1950. In Laos, four unsuccessful experiments at coalition government were tried between 1959 and 1964, including the agreement of 1962 cosigned by Hanoi, Peking and Moscow.

THE CHINESE CATASTROPHE of 1949 was preceded by seven major American policy declarations and treaties (beginning in 1899); by six major Soviet policy announcements and treaties (beginning in 1918 and not counting agreements dealing with Mongolia and Sinkiang); by three major attempts to establish a coalition between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist

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Party; by five attempts between the CCP and KMT to negotiate military cooperation against Japan; and by three U.S.-imposed armistices between Chinese Nationalist and Communist forces.

Coalition governments and armistices with Communists did not work; arrangements for mutual supervision never functioned; and agreements with Communists invariably harmed the United States and its Far Eastern allies. But it wasn't all the Communists' fault. A "distinguished list of American statesmen" and Presidents have "participated in substantial breaches of treaties of the United States." In Asia, the United States has all too often vacillated. For example, between 1946 and 1961 the American attitude on Vietnam and Southeast Asia swung back and forth at least four times. The United States often failed to live up to the spirit of its commitments and, in order to placate vocal opposition at home, repeatedly resorted to phony diplomatic arrangements. In so doing, it has inflicted terrible sacrifices on its Asian friends and on itself, and exposed both to great perils. Americans should not be surprised if Washington's promises are met with considerable skepticism.

Mr. Beilenson, of course, does not propose that the practice of treaty-making be abolished. Peace treaties, for example, are indispensable. What he does propose are objective tests to determine the performance expectancy of each treaty under consideration. If those tests raise grave doubts, the treaty should not be concluded. The United States should be able to avoid falling into the "treaty trap" by making treaties selectively and sparingly, and by assuming that major breaches will occur sooner rather than later. If these assumptions are kept in mind, if American power and freedom of action are not sacrificed, and if specific treaties are concluded to provide solid, albeit temporary advantages, American diplomacy might graduate from rhetoric and illusion to effectiveness.

The 34th chapter of Genesis shows that the "current epidemic" of the treaty-reliance malady is deeply rooted in history. Hamor, King of the Hivites, negotiated with Jacob and his sons because a Hivite prince had defiled Dinah, Jacob's daughter. The Hivites proposed redress and suggested that the two peoples unite and intermarry. Jacob's sons accepted on condition that the male Hivites be circumcised. The Hivites agreed and submitted to mass circumcision. When they were disabled, the sons of Jacob fell upon them, "slew all the males," and took the women, children and cattle. "The disease the Hivites died of was treaty-reliance," Beilenson comments. The Communists have correctly diagnosed that Americans are afflicted by the same disease and have designed their strategies accordingly. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ COMING: The change in Malcolm Muggeridge is spiritual not just ideological, witness his *Jesus Rediscovered*, which says in effect "Jesus *si*, churches *no*" (Doubleday, $5.95). . . . *No Exit from Vietnam* by Sir Robert Thompson, who beat the guerrillas in Malaya, is just out and getting attention in Washington (McKay). . . . David Franke has edited *Quotations from Chairman Bill* (Buckley, of course) (Arlington House, fall, $4.95). . . . Claire Sterling nosed around Czechoslovakia until the Russian crackdown and found evidence of murder, see *The Masaryk Case* (Harper, November, $6.95). . . . Two from Raymond Aron: *De Gaulle, Israel and the Jews*, and *The Elusive Revolution* about the nature and causes of the spring, 1968 upheavals (Praeger, $5.95 each).

■ MEMOIRS: Dean Acheson's *Present at the Creation* tells of his State Department years (Norton, $10). . . . The same period, and later, is covered in *One Man, One World*, a "personal memoir of foreign policy" by Hubert Humphrey (Holt, October, $6.95). . . . *Tides of Fortune* is the third volume of Harold Macmillan's memoirs, covering the years 1945-55 (Harper, October, $15). . . . Randolph Churchill's biography of Winston is getting out of hand: something called "Companion Volume II," itself three volumes, contains all the documents pertinent to Volume II of the biography covering the years 1901-1914 (Houghton, November, $37.50).

■ NOSTALGIA AND NOT-SO: *All in Color for a Dime*, edited by Dick Luboff and Don Thomas, is full of the comic book heroes of the "golden age" 1938-48 (Arlington House, fall, $10). . . . Another Sears catalog has been reprinted, this one abridged to only 736 pages. It's the 1908 one, which announces itself *The Great Price Maker* (Follett, $6.95, paper). . . . Eric Sloane, illustrator, collector of tools and lover of America, has compiled *The Second Barrel*, a sequel to *The Cracker Barrel* (Funk & Wagnalls, November, $5.95). . . . A new book by Peter Lyon offers *The Wild, Wild West* "debunked, deglamorized, unvarnished and unadorned" (Funk & Wagnalls, November, $5.95). . . . Having already covered New England, Richard S. Allen proceeds to *Covered Bridges of the Middle West* and *Covered Bridges of the South* (Stephen Greene Press, October, $9.95 and $5.95). . . . Wesley Griswold's *Train Wreck!* recounts fifteen of the greatest, 1833-1958 (Stephen Greene Press, $5.95); a continuing disaster is chronicled in John Z. Weller's *The New Haven Railroad: Rise and Fall* (Hastings House, October, $6.95).

Challenge to the Court: Social Scientists and the Defense of Segregation, 1954-1966 (Revised Edition, 1969)
By I. A. Newby
Louisiana State, $8.50

INVINCIBLE IDEOLOGY

ARNOLD W. GREEN

This book, a scurrilous work which at no time should have been honored with print, was reviewed by me in NATIONAL REVIEW (Feb. 13, 1968) at the time of its first appearance. Louisiana State University Press has now taken the step of issuing a "revised edition." Actually, the original plates were re-used; the revision consists solely of appended short statements of defense by some of those writers who were victimized by Newby's original charge of "scientific racism"—A. James Gregor, Frank C. J. McGurk, R. T. Osborne, Wesley Critz George, Carleton Putnam, Nathaniel Weyl and Ernest van den Haag. A final reply by Newby closes the present volume.

In his closing statement, Newby says that Gregor attempted to have *Challenge to the Court* removed from circulation. Gregor, in his statement, says: "Only the decision by my attorneys and the attorneys of the Louisiana State Press that Newby's libels are not legally 'actionable' has driven me to put [these hard judgments of Newby] into print." The Note from the Publisher in

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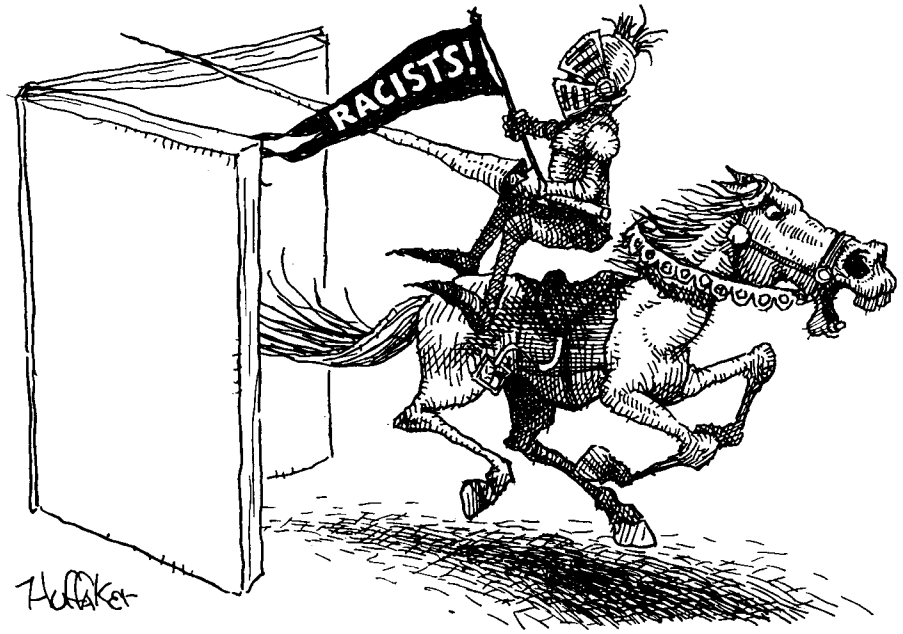
the book's front refers only to "the right of rebuttal" as reason for the new edition. If so, it was an act of gracious restitution and not a reaction to pressure.

Only one of the statements of defense is intemperate in tone. Only one of them—a different one—would justify the label racist to other than a Newby. All of them express bitter resentment against Newby's tactics of systematic misrepresentation, quotation out of context and impugning the motives of anyone who ever did empirical work that even by indirection might cast doubt on the wisdom of politically enforced congregation of white and black. But oddly enough, none of them mentions Newby's central purpose, in which personal vilification was only incidental.

This failure may help to explain the air of bewilderment with which several of these men continue to discuss the various "school" cases, as if the issue between them and Newby centered about public school policy. But in his book and in his final reply Newby announces that he, as well as the various proponents of the cases, aspires to a complete overhaul of American social life. School desegregation was only a proximate goal in a grand design, and it is therefore understandable why Newby in his final reply is in turn puzzled by his respondents. Quite simply, in Newby's words, white liberals "shall overcome."

IF ONE'S PURPOSE is to overcome, what is the point in discussing evidence? Why not, indeed, impugn the motives of those who have failed to enlist in the cause? Newby accuses Weyl, a Jew and a consistent opponent of restrictive immigration, of being a "nativist." This "racist" is also on record as being against racial segregation, a fact which Newby fails to mention. What Weyl *has* done, on the basis of extensive research, is to conclude that the Negro population as a whole is less gifted mentally than the Caucasian or Mongolian population, and that this disparity is partly of genetic origin. Other men, after doing work of similar kind and scope, have reached a different conclusion. In the world of scholarship, the evidence from both sides should be examined, the motives of neither impugned.

Nor does the art of snide innuendo have a proper place. It is plainly "racism" and denotes a "racist," for



"Professor van den Haag to join the effort of Southern segregationists to overturn the *Brown* decision." What van den Haag may or may not have done to overturn the *Brown* decision is not disclosed in his written work. He has indeed objected to it, on the constitutional ground that it sanctioned a destructive form of political compulsion, and that the only "social science evidence" cited in the decision was misrepresented to the judges and misinterpreted by them. About this effort, Newby does not exactly say that van den Haag has gotten together with some redneck types to plot something, but he does manage to convey an implication of something sinister afoot. But hold! Newby has not said that van den Haag *joined* these types, no, he joined their *effort*.

It is plainly "racism" and denotes a "racist," for "Professor McGurk to use test scores to make what seem to me invidious comparisons between the educability of whites and Negroes." At the moment I cannot recall a single investigator of Negro-white intelligence (or what McGurk in his own work more cautiously terms psychological tests for predicting school achievement) who has not made such invidious comparisons. What most of them (the "authoritative consensus" Newby refers to) then do is explain away the constant scored mean differences as the result of Negro cultural deprivation. McGurk correctly asserts that none of the claimants has ever attempted to test that explanation. It is McGurk's efforts to do so that arouse Newby's animosity against him.

Here we are at this late date, Newby says in his final paragraph, "grown men in a society threatened by racial holocaust, white men in a largely white nation in a largely non-white and restive world, arguing whether 'social science research' and psychological test scores indicate that schools should be segregated along racial lines . . . whether racial equality is a hoax; whether, in effect, the winds of racial change can be halted by what amounts to repressive measures of white supremacy." The fire next time? And why should even conclusive evidence that *average* Negro intellectual capacity is somewhat less than that of *average* white have such import? It is Newby's implication, not that of any of his respondents save one, that their research supports denial of political equality, freedom of opportunity and full rights of citizenship to Negroes.

WEYL AND SEVERAL of the other respondents note that Newby is unable to distinguish between empirical investigation and political tub-thumping. And in effect Newby declares that knowledge about people and conditions really doesn't matter—it is already too late. It may be too late, but then the question arises: Who or what is responsible?

As this interchange demonstrates, Newby is right on one point. Communication between him and those he calls "racists" (or interchangeably "ultraconservatives") is impossible. It may be doubted, for example, that he could be led to examine this idea: "the holocaust" at least partly results from

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his widely-shared belief that any disappointment modern American Negroes may face in achieving or acquiring whatever they desire can be wholly blamed on white racism.

This interchange is a valuable one, if only because it could serve to correct a persistent illusion among conservatives. Although not generous, the impulse behind this illusion is understandable enough. The illusion: If things really go smash, they (such as Newby) are going to have a rude awakening. Not likely. When a preliterate shaman is reminded by a few disenchanted followers that magical incantations have failed to bring rain, good hunting or a bumper harvest, he tells them that they should have used more magic. □

Thirty Plays Hath November
By Walter Kerr
Simon and Schuster, $6.50
Stages: The Fifty-Year Childhood of the American Theater
By Emory Lewis
Prentice-Hall, $7.95
The Jumping-Off Place: American Drama in the 1960s
By Gerald Weales
Macmillan, $6.95

THE THEATER OF THE SIXTIES

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

The Sixties have a few months to go, but the mad rush to look back on them has already begun. And mad rush it is, for who wants to look back on such an exceedingly unsatisfactory decade? The theater is a particularly poignant case in point. Theatrical expectations build for months, and no one is trying to rush any New Great Plays onstage before the end of the year. Better to be the Misunderstood Masterpiece of the Seventies than the Last Flop of the Sixties.

Indexes to the retrospective surveys by Gerald Weales and Emory Lewis, and to a new collection of Walter Kerr's reviews, suggest the disordered variety of the Sixties. Like the Jolly Jump-Ups, there are thousands of people, none of them very memorable, squashed flat between the pages of fat books. Indeed, Lewis's survey, *Stages*, which covers fifty years, not ten, reads like an enlarged copy of *Cue*, for which Lewis was a long-time critic. Page 97, for instance, mentions ten plays, six playwrights, plus the Latin Quarter, Nabisco, Tokay, the South, Catholicism, the American Indian, the Florida Keys, Stalin, Love, and the sexual revolution, the latter treated in lower case, probably to distinguish it from Love.

So the lists are long, but not particularly encouraging. A similar book about the Fifties would have had different emphases. There would have been long listings for Williams, Miller, Inge and Anderson. Kerr and Lewis devote long sections of their volumes to Williams, Miller and Albee; Weales puts Williams and Miller together and gives Albee a chapter to himself. But the structures are artificial. Only Albee continues to turn out respectable, if highly uneven, material each year. Miller is Miller, a serious craftsman who writes too infrequently, and for Williams, the milk train doesn't stop here anymore.

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT development in the American theater in the Sixties is the decline of the playwright. He is no longer a consistently producing contributor to the drama as we experience it. In the Sixties, we are told, God is dead. But the playwright is deader.

One-time playwrights prove the point. Few contemporary American playwrights have written more than one *good* play: Jack Gelber (*The Connection*), Arthur Kopit (*Oh Dad, Poor Dad*), Jean-Claude Van Itallie (*America Hurrah!*), Howard Sackler (*The Great White Hope*), and so forth. Similarly, the novelist-playwrights are one-timers, mostly unsuccessful: Saul Bellow (*The Last Analysis*), Norman Mailer (*The Deer Park*), James Baldwin (*Blues for Mr. Charlie*), and Joseph Heller (*We Bombed in New Haven*). Of the blacks, Lorraine Hansberry is dead, LeRoi Jones is an itinerant revolutionary, and Ed Bullins is moving into theater management.

The non-materialization of a playwright for the Sixties worries the critic oriented to the printed page. It is the absence of much interesting matter in the theater that makes critics like Walter Kerr depend for their fireworks on the text—and, by extension, worry long and loud about theatrical productions which "depart from the text."

Kerr acknowledges that "*The Bacchae* will still be there when we're all through roughing it up." But the interesting parts of his statement are 1) that the continuing existence of the text is the important thing, and 2) that we have been "roughing it up," or "mauling" it, as he puts it elsewhere.

His first contention is noncontroversial and therefore interesting. As Dr. Johnson pointed out regarding his own celibacy, there could be no fear that the world would become depopulated because he was chaste. Likewise, we do not need to congratulate ourselves on the continued existence of *The Bacchae*. *The Bacchae* is.

But how does one "maul" a text? The printed text of a play rightly gives much pleasure to many people, particularly people who have no easy access to theater. But it remains a printed text.

At best, the text is an occasion for drama. The reason *The Bacchae* is such an interesting play is that it can be "mauled." Euripides, like Shakespeare, is meant for realization in a thousand ways, material for a dramatic extension of what Keats calls "negative capability."

One of the contributing factors to the decline in the absolute authority of the text is the influence of the screenplay. For the film director, the screenplay is something to be worked with, maybe mauled. Film directors are frequently theater directors too. And what works in one medium will be made to work in another if the same people are making the rules. The playwright contributes to the process by becoming, out of economic necessity, a screen-playwright.

The happening, too, has tended to pull theater away from its anchor in the text. But directors and actors are beginning to shy away from the happening psychology. A happening lacks the ordering presence of a director or a plot, and it therefore lacks the tension that defines theater.

GERALD WEALES makes the point nicely in *The Jumping-Off Place*: ". . . unless the activity of a happening is structured into a psychological or informational situation . . . it is minimally interesting. After all, these activities are structured in real life." He goes on to note how much more impact one gets from watching Laurence Olivier pour a glass of water in *Uncle Vanya* than from watching a go-go girl pour a glass of water in a happening. "The

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happening, in its attempt to bring life into art, tends . . . towards dehumanization."

Theater is somewhere between text and happening. The introduction of a person into a space, of the human image (as opposed to the impersonal body in the happening) into the text, creates drama. For the actor responds by testing his own limits of freedom within the compass set by the director and the text.

In Elizabethan, Restoration and eighteenth-century theater, the roles of playwright, director and leading actor tended to blur. But the authority figure existed. So he does now, but he is the director not the playwright. At the end of the Sixties we are returning to a condition of the theater in Shakespeare's time, when the text is the servant of the theater and not the theater the servant of the text. □

THEATER

COLOR THEM GO

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

For the life of me I couldn't think of any unifying theme about the musicals under review except the negative ones: there are no nude scenes and the fun and games are all heterosexual.

Bawdiness yes, vulgarity yes, you'll find plenty of that, particularly in *Canterbury Tales*, but no undress. From the moment Martyn Greene (Chaucer) comes forward and in his mellifluous, beautifully-modulated voice intones:

When in April the sweet showers fall
And pierce the drought of March to the root
. . . Then people long to go on pilgrimage
Toward Canterbury they were wont to ride . . .

you are back among Chaucer's merry, mischievous and lecherous pilgrims (and for one dreadful moment I was back in Mr. Patch's History of the English Language course). The travelers have arrived at an inn on the first day of their four-day pilgrimage to Canterbury. The Host makes them welcome: "Welcome high, and welcome lowly Welcome secular, and welcome holy." He bids them dine. And the first of the bits of stagecraft that make *Canterbury Tales* a little different and superior happens. The guests unroll a long strip of cloth on which are painted the plates and cutlery, the tankards of beer and glasses of wine. And they are, at once, at table. The Host bids them all good night, the heads and the feet of two gigantic fourposter beds appear and suddenly they are, women on one side, and men on the other, in bed (except that, it being Chaucer, one of the ladies is somehow misplaced).

Each evening one of the pilgrims (the Miller, the Steward, the Merchant, the Knight) tells a tale of youth and lust and, inevitably, someone cuckolded; of young men and old and not-so-innocent maids. To see George Rose as the decrepit bachelor January about to take to himself wife—an obedient young maid who must be a virgin; to see him in nightshirt and long black and white striped stockings and bedcap singing a grinning toothless calypso to the delights in store tonight is to rock with laughter because you know, and his friends know, and the demure young maiden knows that he'll be wearing horns before the week is out.

The music is a delight: a combination of madrigal and rock that somehow comes out just right (the lady behind me kept on muttering that it should have been more, uh, well, more Elizabethan). A fun evening for those who have a nostalgia for the old time sex.

SOMETHING old, something new. . . . From Chaucer to *Promises, Promises* is not as far as you would think. *Promises*, as you know, is the Neil Simon adaptation of *The Apartment* and like everything that Simon (and David Merrick) touch, it is good: funny, fast-paced, professional, with whatever magic it is that turns a routine musical into something special. The star, Jerry Orbach, who made his first hit in Bruce Jay Friedman's over-rated and truly vulgar *Scuba Duba* of a season back, is in his element here, a tall, diffident young man with pleasant voice and marvelous stage presence. He's the shy junior executive whose apartment is used on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights by the gentlemen who eat in the Executive Dining Room, to which he aspires. His girl is also Mr. Sheldrake's Thursday night companion.

It has several better than average songs, "Promises, Promises" and "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" among them, and a Christmas night scene at Clancy's Lounge, in which the lonely of the city have congregated, that's a 28-carat musical comedy gem. In it you meet Marion Mercer, and if you can fault Merrick and Simon at all, it is that they don't keep Miss Mercer on stage all the time. (You may remember her as Little Mary Sunshine some years back.) In *Promises*, Little Mary Sunshine has picked up some sophistication and is in fact a bit over the hill. She's a divorcée looking for a pickup. Suddenly she's stage center and you are bedazzled by her large blondness and a wide-eyed smile that Con Edison should harness. Everything about the way she is turned out is just a little, well, too much. But you can't put your finger on it until she turns to our hero and, twirling around in front of him,

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asks, all little-girl excitement: "Do you like my coat?—It's owl." (She has since won a Tony for the best musical comedy supporting actress of the year.) All in all about the best thing of this sort to come along since Robert Morse showed us how to succeed in business without really trying.

WHICH BRINGS US to *1776*, the best of the lot and not really a musical. Three or four members of the cast may get together and do a jig of sorts but the piston-driving acrobatic dances we have become accustomed to are not here. And also, perhaps because the songs fit the story line so well, you come out with the impression that this was a good play with music, and not the other way around.

The scene is the chamber of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in the late spring and early summer of 1776. John Hancock is gavelling for order. John Adams has just made another of his long speeches (and oh, is it hot). He's a short, belligerent, fighting-cock of a man and as he repeats: "My God, I have had this Congress," the delegates jump to their feet to sing: "Sit down John. Sit down John. For Godsakes, John sit down." The Congress, one can tell, has had it with John.

It is agreed that a draft declaration of independence shall be written. But who shall do it? In an amusing Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean routine, John Adams rules himself out ("If I do it, they'll run their quill pens through it"). Adams suggests that Roger Sherman of Connecticut write it since "you were never obnoxious like me." "But Mr. Adams, Mr. Adams," Sherman replies excusing himself on many grounds and concluding:

I can't write with style or proper etiquette
I'm just a simple cobbler from Connecticut.

They settle on young Thomas Jefferson of Virginia. Then comes the real crisis. It has been agreed that the vote on independence must be unanimous. But the Southern delegates will not accept the clause outlawing slavery which Adams insists must be retained. He is finally prevailed upon to drop it and the voting starts.

Caesar Rodney, dying of cancer, is summoned by Adams and rides back to Philadelphia from Delaware to swing his state's delegation. Now only Pennsylvania is in doubt with Franklin for independence, John Dickinson against, and James Wilson veering toward Dickinson. At the final moment Wilson votes aye, terrified that he will go down in history as the man who torpedoed independence. And in the final great scene, the Trumbull portrait come to life, John Hancock calls the roll of states and the delegates of the Continental Congress step forward to sign for independence.

A good evening all in all with first-rate performances by William Daniels as John Adams, Howard da Silva as Benjamin Franklin and Virginia Vestoff as Abigail Adams—all the better an evening for the knowledge that Sherman Edwards, who wrote the book and lyrics and whose idea it was, originally researched the story in depth. Much of the dialogue is faithfully reproduced from the congressional records of the period.

A Broadway which expends more and more of its efforts on tawdrier and tawdrier themes can still, it seems, thrill to one of the finest stories of all time, the birth of our nation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PRESIDENTIAL LOTTERY, *by James A. Michener (Random House, $5.95)*. Novelist Michener was apparently traumatized by the experience of serving as a Presidential elector last year, and moved to set down and pad out his reflections in yet another book. His discussion of what is wrong with the Electoral College and the alternative methods for correcting it does not tell us anything new, but does provide some interesting sidelights on the issue and most of the basic data one needs to understand the current controversy. In addition, Michener offers strong reservations about the direct popular vote, which, coming from a writer of known liberal credentials, are as surprising as they are edifying. Recommended for those who want a quick if impressionistic survey of the Electoral College dispute. M. S. EVANS

ROBERT R. YOUNG, THE POPULIST OF WALL STREET, *by Joseph Borkin (Harper & Row, $6.95)*. Robert R. Young had roughly the effect on modern business of a chunk of sodium lobbed into a fairly placid pool. A contradictory man (an outspoken capitalist and a strong supporter of Senator Joe McCarthy, one of his close friends and business allies was Cyrus Eaton), Young's corporate battles shook the rust loose from America's largest railroads. From his taking control of the Alleghany Corporation in 1937 to the struggles for the C & O and the Pullman Company to the Trojan War of twentieth-century proxy fights—the 1954 contest for the soul of the New York Central—Young revolutionized corporate warfare. Exploiting advertising, publicity and public relations like fireworks, he rallied the "Aunt Janes" and little shareholders to his fluttering standard. Young's famous ad "A Hog Can Cross the Country Without Changing Trains—But YOU can't!" is a classic in the medium. This quite sympathetic biography suggests Young wanted power less for its own sake than to go full throttle on some of his own ideas to update and modernize the choo-choo. While this concept may be as foredoomed to failure as trying to bring back the Zeppelin, there is still gallantry in the attempt. Mr. Borkin—Young's former lawyer—covers his subject well, especially the proxy fights. However—probably, wisely—he offers no explanation or reason for Young's sudden suicide in January 1968. Although seemingly designed for railroad buffs and financial buffs, the nature of Robert R. Young makes this a valuable book for people buffs as well.

J. D. KIRWAN

THE SEVENTH NIGHT, *by Ladislav Mnacko (Dutton, $5.95)*. Like many American liberals, Mnacko sees his world crumbling about him, but still advocates policies certain to repeat and compound past errors. Described as Czechoslovakia's Lippmann or Reston, he wails bitterly about the USSR's occupation of his country last year and complains about the Soviets' breaking faith with their most reliable partners in "socialism." Mnacko admits sinning in past years in the name of his ideals, but he offers as expiation instances of his aid to victims of the system. He fails even to attempt a synthesis of his simultaneous beliefs in individual initiative and "socialism." But he does recognize that "logic is no weapon against a bureaucratic dictatorship," a truth that bears some repeating in this country. Descriptions of some events, such as purges and interrogations, could have been lifted out of *Darkness at Noon*, especially when Mnacko turns the tables on a secret policeman by "arresting" him and breaking him down after seven hours of browbeating. A couple of anecdotes debunk much of what we have been told about "liberalization" in Russia. That "the Soviet Union has pushed her strategic frontiers nearer the West" is complained about only because the move was at the expense of Mnacko's country. Although in exile in Austria, Communism's answer to Walter Wonderful somehow fails to draw the obvious conclusions from his long experience with his chosen faith.

D. B. DUVAL

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ARDERY
(cont. from p. 908)

joyed it? It seemed to some that the ideal hippie, killed in San Francisco by methadrine and angry politics, had been reborn, and in such numbers that he might survive, multiply, maybe even prevail.

But that—the root of the individualists' fear—is making too much of Woodstock. It was only a moment of glorious innocence, and such moments happen only by accident, and then not often. Had everyone known we would be a city, there would have been more toilets, more food, more tents, more water, more comfort generally. And therefore less confusion and fear, less need to band together and be good. Had the East Coast known there would be a complete electrical failure on November 9, 1965, workers would have stayed at home, housewives would have stockpiled canned foods and candles, and no puzzled, gay and loving people would have flooded downtown streets.

And these accidental bursts of aimless solidarity do not last forever. America take heart. By Sunday afternoon, most of us had abandoned Woodstock, eager for a return to form, purpose and individuality. The same thousands who waved gaily from their cars, hardly creeping away from the mudpile, were driving furiously and honking horns by the time they got back to New York City. □

HAZLITT
(cont. from p. 903)

pensions and savings deposits.

It was not altogether auspicious that President Nixon's announcement of his new guaranteed-income proposal was made on the evening of the same day that France was forced to announce another devaluation of the franc. Like policies, like results. □

"Remember, this is not to be just a picture of me and a native. You're photographing me and one heck of a good guy."

LETTERS
(cont. from p. 885)

In short, while rejecting relativism, please retain empathy and sympathy. Recognize that if our traditions seem to us essential to a worthwhile life, the same may well hold true for those whose traditions and establishments are different from ours.

Champaign, Ill. JAMES W. SPRINGER

Canadian Conservatives

I cannot let Mr. Clyde G. Lonergan ["Letters," July 29] pass off on American readers his incriminatory statement that Canada lacks a national conservative magazine. He may be forgiven only on the basis of his statement that he's a recent imigrant to Canada. For his information, and that of any other Canadian readers yet ignorant of our prominent conservative counterpart to NATIONAL REVIEW, I highly recommend *Canada Month*. It is also an excellent way for American conservatives to keep track of the side of Canadian affairs which doesn't get publicity in national journals on the whole.

Lachine, Que. THOMAS J. PUCHNIAK

BUCKLEY
(cont. from p. 906)

dor's horse and then came back for more. Camino led him into a graceful *faena*. Toward the end of it—since this *was* a bull—the animal began to veer in from the *muleta* to the body. That tendency spoiled the kill, Camino giving the bull wide berth and planting his sword twice too low. Still, it had been a goodly performance. He was applauded.

Came the fifth bull. It was lame. The crowd growled. The President ordered a substitute, an Osborne bull. It was a fat, undersized creature. It fell on El Viti's first veronica. One *vara* with the picador, and the animal was moribund. So low hung its head that its horns spiked the sand, causing it to somersault. It fell sprawling when El Viti passed it with the red flannel. Ordinarily, a matador with such a bull in this era of mediocrity shrugs, takes out the sword, and dispatches it. But not this afternoon. There was something in the air: perhaps the perfect May afternoon. El Viti set out to prove he had earned his right to be called a matador. He nurtured the poor animal, carefully passing it in such manner that the head was not held too low; carefully permitting easy straight charges that did not twist it and further weaken it. The bull recovered a bit of strength under this

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handling. El Viti now began drawing it into fine *naturales*. When the bull halted or hesitated midway through a pass—an extremely dangerous moment—El Viti with commendable courage and with something approaching tenderness willed the animal into motion. Cold as his manner is, the excellence of his work lit bonfires of emotion. The moment of the kill arrived. El Viti lined the bull up in his excruciatingly slow manner. The animal charged unexpectedly. Instead of flapping it by for another alignment, El Viti held his ground and tried an unplanned *recibiendo* kill. The sword creamed in to the hilt: but, *mirabile dictu*, El Viti *withdrew the blade*! Why? Because on this afternoon he was a matador, a doctor of the art, a perfectionist. The sword had not entered its proper slot. Most bullfighters —and El Viti on another afternoon— would have been content: the blade deep in the bull's vitals, the animal would have died, and only a sourpuss would have cranked against the two ears he was bound to receive. But this El Viti on this afternoon was fighting for something more important than mutilated bits of flesh. He was fighting for what the Spaniards call *pundonor*, which is something more than honor. Crimson blade raised high, he brought the bull about. Again it charged unexpectedly; again El Viti held fast; and this time the impalement was flawless.

Helena, Teddy and I walked out exhilarated, agreeing never to give up on a sinking ship. □

HART

(cont. from p. 901)

support must also be broad: at least five "unrelated" foundations, no single foundation putting up more than 25 per cent. Here too, there is room for skepticism: Are these measures enough to get the foundations out of partisan politics?

The House bill, to be sure, is highly unlikely to pass unmodified through the Senate, and the "real bill" is probably only now taking shape in the mind of Russell Long, whose initial reaction to the House bill was tepid. Skepticism, indeed, seems called for, since the House bill is a vast dirigible-like affair which probably won't fly. It is so complicated that, rather than a "tax reform" bill it ought to be called the "Accountants' and Lawyers' Relief Act of 1969." So hastily was the whole thing screwed together in the last weeks that two days before the House passed it, Wilbur Mills himself discovered a $2.4 billion error in the tax-rate schedules.

In the coming months all of the features of the House bill will be reexamined and debated. Where foundations are concerned, a few initial reactions: 1) The 7.5 per cent tax on investment profits is both arbitrary and a bad precedent. John Gardner, the former welfare secretary, is an orthodox liberal establishmentarian, yet even liberals occasionally deviate into sense, and Gardner spoke as a conservative when he pointed out that "tax-exemption is a means of preserving the strength of the private sector and insuring that our cultural and educational life is not wholly subject to the monolithic dictates of government." By progressive-tax imposition, the entire concept of tax exemption could be nullified. 2) More tentatively: the measures designed to restrict partisan activity rest on distinctions which are still too vague to be enforceable, yet the citizens of this country must be protected against the arbitrary and irresponsible uses of power which the record shows the foundations to have been guilty of. Here I think the conservative position should be historical and empirical, rather than categorical, for categories such as "political activity" or "influencing the decision of a governmental body" are almost impossible to apply satisfactorily in practice. Instead, the law should be redrafted to enumerate exactly what activities are prohibited. Representative Patman's investigations should yield a reasonably comprehensive list. Foundations could be prohibited, for example, from financing voter registration drives either directly or through some client organization. Foundations could be prohibited from supporting the political activities of other groups. The only theoretical objection to such an empirical approach is that it can never be exhaustive: if you list one thousand prohibited activities, McGeorge Bundy will find the one thousand and first way of supporting political activity. But then that example of his ingenuity can be added to the list by the committee of Congress having legislative oversight. □

HAZELTON

(cont. from p. 911)

finer, higher things, for stuffed chickens, truffled pâtés and Saint Honorés. Let us give in to these lovely desires, and set aside the long, unhurried hours it takes to make these dishes. A cooking morning or evening, a Saturday or Sunday, when nothing is allowed to interfere with one's project, when one can flute mushrooms in dedicated quiet and peace, are as much as a balm to the cook as lotion is to a sunburned skin. In these hours we can even recapture the times when it was fun to cook for a beau or a new husband or party, and when we thought how much fun it would be to cook all the time. □

Just Published

How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK — The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-89-K 276 Park Avenue South, New York City, 10010. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

Why YOU should read

THE TRUTH ABOUT BOULWARISM:

Trying to do right voluntarily

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Solution To Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Safe against those who steal — 39 10 17 60 106 85 104 115 123 168

B. What some performers of menial tasks were — 109 6 1 49 16 28 59 118 150 167 184 43

C. One whose work is too interesting — 124 78 83 24 7 90

D. What the quote's author is — 135 14 188 36 160 51 62 142 173 128

E. The symbol of the welfare state — 96 137 68 143 26 84 170 34 183

F. A port on Lake Ontario — 107 98 41 101 57 69

G. A former capital of Russia — 116 70 181 129 86 27 139 19

H. What the quote's author was — 146 171 21 29 9 159 79 99

I. The lightest boxing class — 15 32 40 94 3 55 13 48 66

J. A chain of islands in the West Indies — 163 30 132 144 152 75 158 58

K. Habituate — 174 45 71 100 110

L. The slayer of the Minotaur — 185 133 166 87 187 140 113

M. Big and strong — 2 134 122 88 46

N. How the quote's author once won election — 5 72 91 108 52 112 80

O. Declined — 95 50 63 74 81

P. Irritable — 120 164 130 157 114 53 179

Q. Blockheads (they don't have horse sense) — 180 54 73 148 136

R. A medium of communication — 76 178 176 151 35 61 182

S. Interminable — 89 56 126 153 64 165 154

T. The characteristic disposition of a person — 105 11 92 97 37 77

U. Word used to describe the departure of gold from the U. S. — 117 155 102 172 145 20 177

V. A comedy by Moliere — 169 31 65 119 103 22 156 161

W. Former Pirate slugger — 186 38 12 121 138

X. To put forth, as power — 42 8 18 141 175

Y. A mail shirt worn under ordinary clothing as a defense against swords or daggers — 25 147 127 111 67 162 23 131 189

Z. English poet, 1809-1892 — 47 44 125 4 93 33 82 149

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 922 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

		1 B	2 M	3 I	4 Z		5 N	6 B		7 C	8 X	9 H	10 A	11 T	12 W	13 I	14 D
	15 I	16 B	17 A	18 X	19 G	20 U	21 H		22 V	23 Y	24 C		25 Y	26 E	27 G	28 B	29 H
30 J	31 V	32 I		33 Z	34 E	35 R	36 D	37 T	38 W	39 A	40 I		41 F	42 X		43 B	44 Z
45 K	46 M		47 Z	48 I	49 B		50 O	51 D	52 N	53 P	54 Q	55 I	56 S	57 F	58 J		59 B
60 A		61 R	62 D	63 O	64 S	65 V	66 I	67 Y		68 E	69 F		70 G	71 K	72 N	73 Q	74 O
75 J	76 R	77 T	78 C		79 H	80 N	81 O		82 Z	83 C	84 E		85 A	86 G	87 L	88 M	89 S
90 C	91 N	92 T	93 Z		94 I	95 O		96 E	97 T	98 F	99 H		100K	101F	102U	103V	104A
105T		106A	107F		108N	109B	110K		111Y	112N	113L	114P	115A	116G		117U	118B
	119V	120P	121W		122M	123A	124C	125Z	126S	127Y	128D	129G		130P	131Y	132J	133L
134M	135D	136Q		137E	138W		139G	140L	141X		142D	143E	144J	145U	146H	147Y	148Q
149Z		150B	151R	152J	153S		154S	155U	156V	157P	158J	159H		160D	161V	162Y	163J
164P	165S	166L		167E	168A		169V	170E	171H		172U	173D	174K	175X	176R		177U
178R		179P	180Q	181G	182R		183E	184B	185L		186W	187L	188D	189Y			

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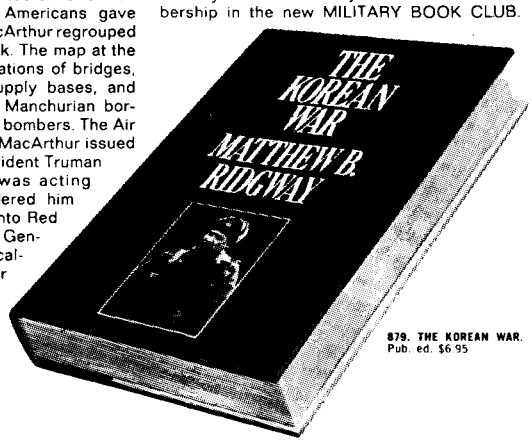

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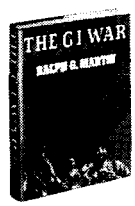

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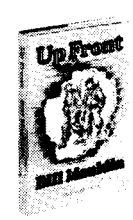

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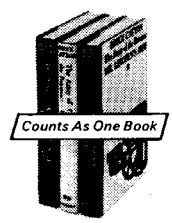

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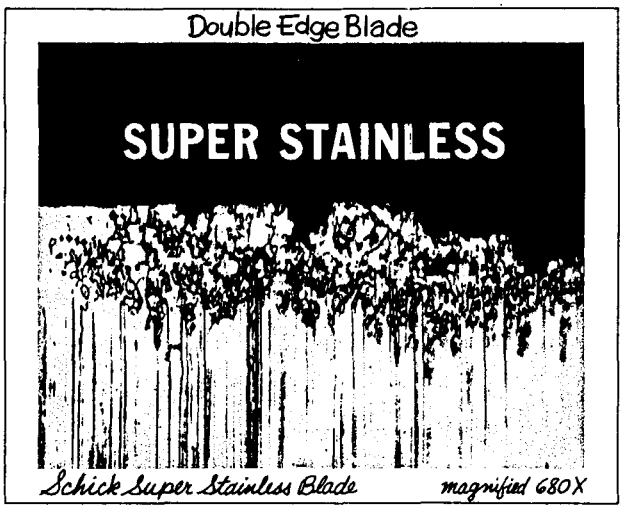

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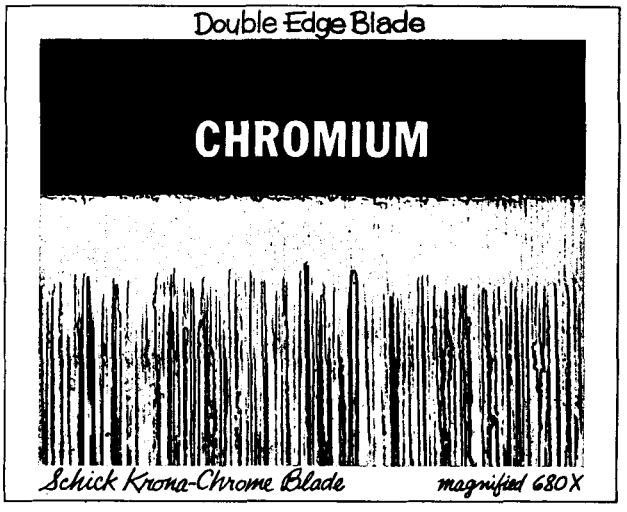

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